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THE NATION

AUGUST 28, 1967 35 *cents*

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SLAPPING AT SYMBOLS

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Voice of America **Memorandum**

To John Daly

RICHARD J. WALTON

Yankee Station ***Inviting Retaliation***

THOMAS W. PEW, Jr.

Of Frank O'Connor

KEVIN SULLIVAN HARRIET O'CONNOR

●

Tall-Tale Americana ROLFE HUMPHRIES

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LETTERS

civil war costs

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: The race riots in more than a dozen cities and the deployment of federal troops in Detroit over the hot weekend document the fact that . . . these riots are civil wars and therefore the complete responsibility of our federal government both as to causes, prevention and remedies. The function of the police is local law enforcement which is already woefully inadequate in most of our large cities. . . . The *national* root causes of the alarming increase in almost all forms of crime in the country are clear. They are now a present danger to surrounding "better neighborhoods" if not to a breakdown of "law and order" in larger areas. Let the top businessmen and politicians in our country . . . consider the tens of billions of dollars extracted annually from them for police, welfare, courts, jails and mental institutions—traceable in the main to our substandard population. Galbraith, Myrdal and most economists and sociologists agree that not only would America save the major costs of crime but that the living standards of the lowest brackets will be raised without cost by the mere and sheer acts of manipulating and gearing our fabulous economy for adequate employment at the lowest skill levels, which will in turn produce adequate living space, educational and recreational facilities . . . which in turn will radically reduce the incidence and intensity of crimes. . . . Poor lands and large populations in other nations must perhaps continue to breed despair or revolutions. In America the ratios of population, productive areas and natural wealth are still so fabulous that almost all specialists stand perplexed if not horrified by the indifference of the powers in Washington who cannot see the simple and ready solution.

Otherwise, as in Detroit, Washington will be increasingly compelled to provide "National Guards" to inform Americans and the world that business prefers to fight a civil war at home, too. *Sidney Blackstone*

war hearings

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: I was interested to read the editorial "Advice to Congressmen" in the July 3 issue of *The Nation*. I thought it would be useful to call to your attention two days of hearings which I held in New York City entitled "Unofficial Congressional Hearings on Vietnam," on August 12 and 13, 1965.

We were fortunate in gathering a top-flight panel of expert witnesses—both in support of, and critical of, the Administration's policy—who were able . . . to engage in a dialogue with one another. We included a separate, extra evening hearing on the second day in order to permit local residents to be heard. Interestingly enough, local expression was uniformly critical of the government's policies in contrast to the balanced presentation during the two all-day sessions.

William F. Ryan,
Member of Congress, 20th Dist., N.Y.

stamp out reviewers

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Readers of *The Nation* are surely grateful for your choice of so eminent an authority on rural-urban sociology as Elmer Bendiner to unmask that blatant piece of propaganda, *The Levittowners* by Herbert J. Gans ["Majority Cult In Levittown," July 17]. . . . Bendiner has caught Gans out: *The Levittowners*, stripped of its pretentions to scholarship, is revealed as little more than a clever apologia for

(Continued on page 148)

EDITORIALS

A Senator Speaks His Mind

Sen. Thruston Morton, Republican of Kentucky, could be said to come as close to deserving the title of "Mr. Republican" as anyone since the late Sen. Robert A. Taft, who inspired it. It is not only that he occupies, politically, a position close to the center of the party's "mainstream" but also that over the years he has served his party skillfully and well. Republicans, from all sections and of all persuasions, have a high respect for Mr. Morton, and with reason.

It is highly significant when a man of the Senator's stature and influence publicly announces that he has changed his position on a crucial issue. He did so, not by inches but by a mile—or perhaps the measure should be in light years. It occurred, not in a private interview or at a press conference but on television's *Opinion: Washington* (WTTG), and just to show that there could be no mistake about it, he repeated his statements the next evening to Martin Agronsky on C.B.S. national TV.

Senator Morton, who until now has been an outspoken supporter of the bombing of North Vietnam, said that he "thought they'd be brought to the table in a few months if we did that, but I was wrong and I'll admit it . . . . " This he followed up by declaring: "I think the tools we're working with and the tactics we're using today are outworn and are not working," and continued that we were "painting ourselves into a corner" by following a policy of escalation.

It is a rare and refreshing experience to hear a national political figure stand up and admit that he has been wrong. It has happened very seldom within our experience. The last memorable example was provided by President Kennedy, following the Bay of Pigs fiasco which he handled with characteristic frankness and aplomb, but under the circumstances he had no choice; the facts were there for all to see and to bemoan. Mr. Morton had a choice, and with rare courage and honesty made the right one by obeying his conscience. One might hope that his example would be followed by those currently in power. If they need an excuse for turning away from their disastrous course in Vietnam, the forthcoming election on September 3, which promises to be a farce, could provide one. But Johnson and Rusk, judged by past performances, lack Senator Morton's integrity.

The Senator eloquently and forcefully espoused an "honorable disengagement." We agree with him, and would go further and say that immediate disengagement is the only honorable course now left to us. The Senator is convinced that Vietnam will be "a burning, compelling issue, the *big* issue in the 1968 election." Asked if the Republican candidate in 1968 should be a peace candidate, he replied: "Well, to paraphrase '64, let's give a choice, not an echo, and we've got a war candidate in the White House today, so I'd say the Republican candidate should be a peace candidate. . . . " In his view, the political leader who presents a program of honorable disengagement "is going to get elected President of the U.S." It would be exciting to see the Senator give it a try.

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The Zinn Position

Our editorial of July 31 called attention to a poll on Vietnamese policy which the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* conducted on May 28. Three points of view were presented: one by Rep. Mendel Rivers, a noisy hawk, another by Senator Fulbright, the third by Howard Zinn, a frequent contributor to these pages. Their statements were entitled, respectively, "Escalate and Win," "De-Escalate" and "Withdraw." The results were: Zinn 5,798, Rivers 1,716, and Fulbright 1,648.

On August 6, the always lively and pertinent *Sunday Gazette-Mail* of Charleston, W. Va., conducted a similar poll, using the identical statements. The results: Zinn 888, Fulbright 109, Rivers 97. The poll was publicized for two days in advance of the deadline; employees of the paper did not vote; and no evidence of organized drives by partisan groups could be detected by those who conducted the poll and tabulated the results.

The importance of these polls should not be exaggerated; in each instance only a small percentage of the readership participated—slightly more in Cleveland than in Charleston. On the other hand, the polls cannot be dismissed as being of no importance. The fact that the poll material appeared in the "Current Affairs" section of the *Gazette-Mail,* which it may be assumed is read by a selective portion of the readership less numerous than that devoted to the sports page, may qualify but it does not impugn the significance of the results.

The Nation has insisted that general polls on Vietnam have been somewhat misleading, not because of defects in the sampling or even in the formulation of questions but because the alternative of "withdrawal" has not been treated as a live option. A community poll in which the alternative of withdrawal has never been publicly debated is not likely to reflect the real sentiments of those polled. Most of the doves, in and out of Congress, have stopped short of suggesting withdrawal so it has not figured in the discussion as a real alternative. Individuals may privately agree with a position that has not been publicly debated, but unless the position has been made "audible" in the community, it will not show up well in the polls.

What sentiment testing in Cleveland and Charleston demonstrates is that once it has been aired as a real possibility, there is more support for the Zinn position than is indicated by the polls which President Johnson carries about with him for personal reassurance and ready reference. Other papers would be performing a genuine public service if they were to follow the lead of the *Plain Dealer* and the *Sunday Gazette-Mail* and conduct a similar poll.

The Lindsay Therapy

Both as mayor of New York and vice chairman of the Special Commission on Civil Disorders, John V. Lindsay is deeply concerned with the Negro revolt, and is manifesting his concern at no small personal sacrifice. The mayor of the greatest city in the hemisphere has no sinecure, but in accepting the federal assignment Lindsay, who has never regarded the problems of New

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York lightly, has taken on a man-killing work load. He attends the Washington meetings but flies back to New York before sundown, just in case Harlem or the south Bronx or Bedford Stuyvesant should burst into flame as Newark, and so many other tinderboxes, did.

That New York has escaped so far is largely Lindsay's doing. What the mayor of New York can do in quieting racial and class tensions is precious little—how little no one knows better than Lindsay. If it devolved on him, he would be spending $10 billion a year clearing New York's slums, but it is our national shame, rather than merely that of the cities, that sums of that magnitude are appropriated not for domestic welfare but for senseless carnage abroad. Thus hamstrung, Lindsay has tackled the problem with a therapy of his own applied to the masses of the poor who, elsewhere, are treated as if they weren't there—until they explode.

That crowning injury Lindsay has never inflicted on the almost forgotten men, women and children of the slums. At least he goes among them and tries to give as many as possible a little relief from their drab and boring lives. Things like jazz concerts, open-air movie shows, rides over the metropolitan area in airliners will not cure the evils of the slums but, in a marginal situation, they may afford a breathing space to determine whether the causes of disorder are to be seriously attacked. Or must black people continue to be killed in street fighting and eventually be herded into concentration camps?

Even the New York *Daily News,* which is not noted for indulgence toward do-gooders, has paid tribute to Lindsay's efforts. Referring to "the Mayor's cocktail hour," the *News* observes that at 6:45 in the evening all good Yale men are supposed to be partaking of the cup that cheers, but one alumnus, class of '44, can be seen pounding the hot pavements, shaking hands, listening to grievances, looking for what is wrong and what he can do to correct it. If New York stays cool, the *News* suggests, the credit must be given to Mayor Lindsay.

Lindsay is equally dedicated in the Washington phase of his work. If President Johnson's primary purpose was to get the heat off himself, he chose the wrong man when he appointed Lindsay. On July 31, the U.S. Conference of Mayors formed an "Urban Coalition," with the aim of bringing about "a sense of immediate urgency about the need for positive and progressive action for our cities." The White House felt that this body would compete with the Presidential commission. Efforts were made to get Mayor Joseph M. Barr of Pittsburgh, the president of the Conference of Mayors, to call off the Urban Coalition, or at least to persuade Lindsay to withdraw from it. The pressure failed to work; Barr and Lindsay refused to change their plans. Lindsay informed Mr. Johnson that he saw no conflict between the two groups: the Presidential commission was looking into underlying causes, the mayors' coalition was trying to avert a recurrence of disorders during the present crisis. If Mr. Johnson still descried a conflict, Lindsay was prepared to resign from the commission. This, of course, was the last thing Johnson wanted, so Lindsay and Barr are continuing with their plan for a thousand-member convocation late in August to seek "a reordering of the nation's priorities and action by Congress to relieve the cities' plight."

Thus Lindsay is combining personal suasion in the New York slums with national action on two fronts: in his capacity as vice chairman of the Presidential commission and as a leader in the Urban Coalition. What with all these activities, which require not only immense energy but personal courage, Mr. Lindsay may find himself rising to the national prominence he deserves. It is an axiom in U.S. politics that the mayoralty of even the largest city is a dead end. Still, the times are unusual, and the unusual might happen.

The Right To Want

Denver

States that have outlawed the union shop are falling behind in the economic race. They condemn all their people to lower incomes, not merely those against whom "right to work" laws are directed. The Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers (OCAW) research department finds that nineteen of the twenty "right to work" states have personal incomes lower than the national average. The one exception is Nevada, which relies largely on gambling for its income, and since it adopted a "right to work" law its average has dropped in relation to the national average.

The study finds such states falling further behind yearly. OCAW says Indiana has already repealed its "right to work" law as a losing proposition, and thinks others may follow as the blighting economic effects become better known.

Of the other eighteen states involved, each one has lost ground; the average annual income for all of them has dropped, in comparison with the national average, by over $230. In two states this relative decline has exceeded $500 per year.

Wyoming is analyzed by OCAW as a good case study. It adopted a "right to work" law in 1963, when its personal income was $18 above the national average. By 1965, this had dropped to $188 below. Meanwhile personal bankruptcies increased 30 per cent, private employment dropped 2.9 per cent against an increase of 6.7 per cent nationally, home foreclosures quadrupled to twice the national rate, new construction dropped 17 per cent, against a national gain of 8 per cent.

The OCAW also quotes a Phoenix baseball man as saying that the city may not make the big leagues because in "right to work" states the public "doesn't have as much money to spend on entertainment as in states where labor is strong." Or on anything else?

Waves from Cuba

Predictably, the first meeting of the Organization for Latin American Solidarity (OLAS), recently concluded in Havana, was very largely an exercise in anti-U.S. propaganda. *Olas* is Spanish for "waves," and the entire community, for the duration of the conference, was awash with waves of hatred and promises of violence and destruction for the *norteamericanos.* But amid all

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the fury there was a lesson for those of us who care to heed it.

Inherent in the relationship between the United States and Latin America is, of course, the envy and resentment of the very poor against the very rich. Nothing is likely to alter these feelings until the great day comes when the poor are poor no longer. Of course we hate being hated, and ever since Roosevelt's "Good Neighbor Policy" have tried energetically to earn, or buy, Latin understanding and friendship. During World War II, Nelson Rockefeller as Coordinator for Inter-American Affairs was successful in preventing Latin America from siding with the Nazis, principally by virtue of convincing them that they would be backing the losing side. Efforts since the war—the Organization of American States, the Alliance for Progress—have had little success in wooing Latins to our side.

Perhaps, the Biblical injunction to the contrary, it will require more than the "mammon of iniquity" from us to make friends. Certainly the Cuban message is clear: there the Alliance and the OAS were both roundly denounced as U.S. deceitfulness. Clearly, also, our policy of isolating Cuba, if its intention is or was to topple Fidel Castro, is not working either. Castro has overwhelming popular support, and in addition Cuba, under his leadership, has made startling economic and social progress in spite of our quarantine. And of course the obsolete Guantanamo naval base is a continuing affront to Cuban pride.

Cuba is a Communist state, without a doubt. And in terms of individual liberty, it is considerably more repressive than any in Eastern Europe. But at heart it seems more Cubanist than Communist. At the OLAS conference, "Soviet imperialism" received its full share of odium, along with the Yankee variety. And yet a further distinction exists in the rapidly growing trade with Spain. General Franco could give lessons in anti-communism to anyone anywhere. But he is still, apparently, acceptable as a business partner in Fidel's eyes, when the chips are down. And surely, if Franco can happily inhabit the same world with Castro, the United States would be well advised to re-examine the premises of its policy toward Cuba. Cutting off noses to spite faces is bad for images anywhere.

Bigot, Spare That Tree

Raleigh

Searching anxiously for a new way to express old racial attitudes, the school board of Wake County, N.C., early in July raised the specter of fifth and sixth graders reveling in midnight, interracial orgies in a state park. Thereby it killed a federally financed summer program for 500 white and Negro underprivileged children.

Under provisions of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act, the federal government offered Wake County, which includes Raleigh, the state capital, $24,000 to provide four one-week sessions of study and camping for 11 and 12 year olds at beautiful Umstead Park, a few miles outside Raleigh. An ESEA director said the program was a modest attempt to compensate for "the vacations never known, the trips never taken, the nature never seen." For it, ESEA reserved a spacious area in the park and hired a camp director, ten teachers, ten counselors, a nurse and five cooks.

At its first hearing, the ESEA proposal drew opposition only from the chairman of the school board who, avoiding the word "integration," said he objected to federally sponsored "social reform never intended by our founding fathers." Perhaps feeling such an appeal too blatant, the other members of the board remained silent until the next meeting, when one of their number, a housewife, provided a more plausible rallying point. She argued that "above the age of 9" boys and girls should not be allowed to stay overnight in the same park, because this was a dangerous "exploratory age." The combination of unhealthy sexual fascination and idyllic surroundings might prove too much for fifth and sixth graders. "We're not looking for any trouble," she said. Following this new tack, the chairman agreed that serious "biological" problems could arise to damage the board's good reputation.

In amazement, one of the ESEA camp coordinators pointed out to the board that the boys and girls would meet only in the dining area. "They both approach the central dining area from different directions and they go in different directions when they return to their own camp sites. There's a chaperone for every seven people."

The board, which has publicly voiced hostility to North Carolinian Harold Howe and "his" desegregation guidelines, was unmoved. It voted unanimously to reject the proposal. With new spirit, it then went on to reject also the possibility of day camps at the park.

Don't Sell It; Throw It Away

Munich

Recent noises from the German grand coalition government have caused vast echoes inside many an American breast. It looks as if the West Germans, who could never get enough assurances that the United States would stick to its European commitments (I remember Bavaria's Prime Minister, Herr Goppel, asking this assurance from Sen. Eugene McCarthy in the surprising context of a weekend in the Catholic Academy of Munich), are going to scuttle part of their own defense forces with a light heart. Despite some arithmetic by F. J. Strauss, it looks as if manpower would have to be cut by more than 10 per cent, and that this reduced force will not suffice for existing defense concepts. Quite rightly, the tiny Free Democratic opposition has asked for a parliamentary airing of the whole issue and demands the

COMING: SPECIAL FEATURE

The Nation of September 11 will be devoted to Christopher Lasch's "The Cultural Cold War." In this remarkable essay, Mr. Lasch examines the sensitive and significant issues raised by disclosures of Central Intelligence Agency subventions to the Congress for Cultural Freedom. The editors are confident that this brilliant piece of social criticism will challenge American intellectuals to a re-examination of the role they have played in the cold war.

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development of a concept adapted to the new situation.

Readers of this journal probably remember all the outbreaks of West German ire whenever some such thing as the Rapacki plan was on the agenda. While almost every statesman did consider a thinning out of forces in Central Europe as something which, if not desirable, was at least worth discussion, such plans were being denounced throughout the Adenauer era (and later) as a Communist trap or shortsighted collusion with the enemy.

In all such plans, we also remember, mutual thinning out and mutual inspection were envisioned. It would have been tit for tat: any West German soldier demobilized under those conditions would have been matched by a GDR, Czech or Polish soldier; any U.S. division withdrawn from the Federal Republic would have been matched by a Russian division withdrawn from Eastern Europe. Nevertheless, the almost unanimous government reaction from Bonn sabotaged all those plans, whether they were named after Rapacki or after Eden.

Now they have become unnecessary. America is busy thinning out its divisions in USAREUR, and Bonn starts dismantling also. It is done in the name of Vietnam (as far as the United States is concerned), and in the name of economy (as Bonn sees it). Not a single GDR soldier will lose his job, not a single Russian tank will roll eastward, not a single move at inspection or reciprocity is made: unilateralism, once the dirty word of military policy, has become the panacea of the day.

All these events could be registered by friends of peace as a sweet revenge on the old opposition—if they did not testify to a general trend in German postwar policy. In the past, all possible avenues of a friendlier approach to our Eastern problems—the existence of the German Democratic Republic, the drastic boundary revisions of Poland, the commitments of our Eastern neighbors to support Ulbricht—have been constantly blocked, though such an approach would have visibly improved our political standing in the world. Implementation of a Rapacki or Eden plan was by-passed. Negotiations at government level in—let us say—1958 or 1960 would have altered the character of the Ulbricht regime substantially; now they will come soon, and will hardly cause a ripple in East Berlin. Legally binding guarantees from Bonn for the Oder-Neisse Line could have strengthened Poland's hand in 1956 and given much more elbow room to Gomulka; at present they might prove almost embarrassing for Warsaw, as they would feed the distrust of Russia's Western neighbors (particularly the GDR) of a possible West German "divide and rule" scheme. Nevertheless, the issue has to be faced by Bonn, as the issue of negotiations with East Berlin has to be faced, and as the exaggerated West German defense posture had to be revised. For Bonn has to adapt to the reality, however painfully. For the German nation as a whole, it would have been much better to have done it sooner, but then such action would have violated the basic principle of our postwar policy: Don't Sell It; Throw It Away.

CARL AMERY

AUNT EFFIE AND THE BRASS

WILLIAM FOOTE WHYTE

Mr. Whyte, author of Street Corner Society *(University of Chicago Press),* Money and Motivation *(Harper & Row) and* Men at Work *(Richard D. Irwin), is professor of industrial and labor relations and of sociology at Cornell University.*

The Congressional hearing on the use of air power in the Vietnamese War reminds me of the investigatory method of my late aunt. Whenever Aunt Effie found herself in a strange town, without culinary information, she would pick a likely looking restaurant, seek out the proprietor, and ask him point-blank: "Do you serve good food?" Invariably she found his answer reassuring.

Looking back, I can see that this approach had some things to commend it. No waste motion, no delays in decision making. Once in the restaurant and past the proprietor, we sat down and ordered and did not leave until our hunger was sated—or until we had eaten all we could.

While I look back upon Aunt Effie's straightforward approach to life somewhat nostalgically, it had not occurred to me that it could be applied to national problems. But that seems to be what is going on in Congress now. The pattern is something like this.

The distinguished Air Force general is called before the committee to give his expert judgment. It is not the first time; some months ago he promised the committee that bombing of North Vietnam would drastically reduce infiltration to the south and shortly bring the North Vietnamese to their knees. Now it has become apparent that the rate of infiltration has increased, and even the general can detect no weakening in the enemy's will or ability to fight.

The general now has two options:

(*1*) He can admit that the bombing has not been nearly as effective as he expected it to be.

(*2*) He can say that the situation would be even worse without this much bombing and can still get better with more extensive bombing.

The committee asks him if he would like to have more targets to bomb. What do we expect the general to say?

The outcome of this little drama is so highly predictable that we must assume either (*a*) that the Congressmen are so naive as to expect that they are going to find out something through this approach, or (*b*) that the Congressmen are not naive at all but think that the rest of us are. In the latter case, the purpose is simply to give a carefully selected expert a sounding board for opinions that the Congressmen want to popularize.

Why is this approach bound to produce more propaganda than enlightenment?

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In the first place, there is a confounding of organizational commitment with expertise. The general may be an expert on some aspects of military operations. He is also a man who has devoted his career to the Air Force. He identifies his success with the success of Air Force missions. He develops organizational loyalties and an organizational point of view. That point of view naturally tends to exaggerate the importance and effectiveness of one of the organization's primary missions (bombing) and to underestimate the limitations and adverse effects of this activity.

There is nothing peculiar about this organizational coloring of human judgment. It is a universal phenomenon. In industry the production manager who has spent his career in production naturally sees his company's problems and their solutions primarily in production terms. The sales manager who has had his career in sales naturally tends to see the company's problems and prospects in terms of selling.

There is a failure to ask the question: what is the expert really expert at? An Air Force general can be expected to have some expertise on problems of Air Force administration, on getting planes into the air, and on getting them over the target area. He should be able to tell us how big a bang the bomb will make when it hits. Can he tell us how much physical damage has been achieved in a given bombing mission? While the record shows a tendency to exaggerate on this point, at least the general can speak from such concrete evidence as air reconnaissance photographs. Can he tell us what the enemy will be willing and able to do to repair the damage or otherwise compensate for its effects? On this question, his training and experience have given him no expertise at all. Can he tell us what the effects will be upon the morale of the North Vietnamese and their leaders? Not only does he have no expertise for this question but the record shows that he is far more likely to be wrong than right.

There is also the failure to learn from past experience —even from a well-documented past experience. For example, the strategic bombing survey of Germany after World War II clearly showed that the advocates of bombing had been completely unrealistic in expectations and promises. Great physical damage was done, but until very near the end of the war the Germans were able to maintain and even increase their war production. Effects on morale? The Germans were depressed, all right, at losing their homes and relatives, but this did not affect their determination to fight on. It is one of the curiosities of that war that so many British experts expected bombing to break the German will to resist, whereas the heavy bombing of Britain had had no such effects on the British.

There is also a failure to evaluate the past performance of experts. If following the advice of a broker leads us to lose a lot of money, the chances are we will look for another broker. When the Edsel did not sell, the Ford Motor Company did not continue to build the car. Somehow military and diplomatic advisers seem to enjoy immunity against the test of experience. In those fields, nothing succeeds like failure. Each new failure seems to provide arguments for a more massive application of the policy that failed.

Critics of our Vietnamese policy are often asked to offer something constructive. Let me seek to comply by offering suggestions for the streamlining of future Congressional hearings on military and diplomatic policies.

We know enough about the types of expert testimony that emerge in such meetings to be able to simplify greatly the hearing process. Much time of all concerned could be saved if the committee did not physically meet, but just issued press releases on what would have been said if the committee had met. Standard stories could go out regularly, with appropriate headlines like "Air Force General Supports Bombing." Furthermore, the same story could be used again and again for years, simply with minor changes in detail, for the record indicates that the advocates of air power have been making the same argument for twenty-five years, no matter what the situation.

If my advice were followed, at least we could introduce some modern refinements into the simple, primitive approach of Aunt Effie.

VOICE OF AMERICA

MEMORANDUM TO JOHN DALY

RICHARD J. WALTON

Mr. Walton, a former newspaper man, worked for VOA for eight years, the last five as principal correspondent at the United Nations. He resigned in May and now is working on a book on Adlai Stevenson at the UN, to be published next year by Coward-McCann.

In your early days on the job as director of the Voice of America you'll be getting plenty of briefings but perhaps you won't hear some of the things I am about to say, although you will certainly learn them sooner or later. No matter how much authority President Johnson or USIA Director Leonard Marks said you will have, you will find it is precious little. In the first place, VOA is not nearly so self-contained as it seems. Dozens of your subordinates are in frequent touch with their counterparts in the parent USIA, and many important decisions will be made without your even knowing there was a decision to make.

This is particularly true in the most important area of all. As you know, USIA has an apparatus to insure that the agency's work conforms to national policy. This, on the face of it, seems unexceptionable, but you will soon

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find out that the policy officers are the nay-sayers. They are the ones who will do all they can to obstruct what you said on your appointment VOA should do: "fully and fairly" report American and international dissent to the Administration's policy in Vietnam. For they know the periodic statements that the Voice of America broadcasts the truth are empty but expected rituals. Certainly VOA broadcasts the truth, but it is Madison Avenue's selective truth, not "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The USIA policy office has a branch within VOA and whenever a VOA program person has a policy question—and with Vietnam and the racial disturbances you can be sure there will be plenty—he goes to the policy office which nominally is under you. Or the policy office—which routinely gets copies of all newscasts and commentaries before they go on the air—can take the initiative to kill or modify something they think would be too embarrassing to the Administration—say, a commentary that frankly discusses the depth and significance of the anti-Vietnamese dissent within the intellectual community. However, if the program officer persists—and only a few, the best, are likely to—the VOA policy office can take the matter to the USIA policy office. But if USIA policy turns down the item, and such is the usual course, an unusually persistent program man can go to your assistant director for programs. He may counsel that the fight be dropped or, if he is exceptionally bold, he might tell the program man to go ahead despite policy's recommendation, but this is a rare and perilous course.

All this—and important questions are often involved—takes place without your knowledge. Only if the program man insists or succeeds in enlisting your assistant's support will the issue come to your desk. Then you must decide whether to take up the fight with the knowledge that the agency's assistant director for policy is your equal in rank, is acting with the full support if not at the insistence of the State Department, and is in frequent touch with Director Marks whom you see only when you go crosstown from the VOA office to USIA headquarters up the street from the White House. You would also realize that you would be asking Mr. Marks, a personal friend of the President, to approve for broadcast something embarrassing to the Johnson Administration. Mr. Johnson does not encourage his subordinates to embarrass him.

The practice has been, even for courageous VOA officers, to drop the fight after it has gone up a couple of levels. This is not timidity but the practical realization that if they fight every issue to the top, their appeal to higher authority will soon lose its effectiveness. So only the very big ones are fought to the top; many lesser, but still important, issues go by default. Of course,

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most policy decisions—even obviously bad ones—are not appealed at all, for most people at VOA, like those elsewhere, do what they are told. Thus, the policy appeals that reach your desk are only the very tip of the iceberg. And, as you will come to know, policy influences many more programs than ever come before it for review. Many program officers rather than get involved with policy simply leave out things they know should be in, particularly on so touchy an issue as Vietnam. Ironically, this can mean the omission of something that policy would have passed. But it is human for people to avoid getting involved, and since policy's policy is clearly "don't" rather than "do," that is the tone you will find dominant at VOA, challenged only by the best.

All during this appeal process—and the in-fighting can get very bitter when your best program men see the guts ripped out of their stuff by overcautious policy officers—the term "credibility" is invoked. Many program people are of the conviction that only the truth should be the criterion for VOA broadcasts. But they know that such an argument would get short shrift from USIA, the Administration and Congress, all of whom believe that VOA's job is solely to make America look good. So they have fallen back on "credibility," which means that if you don't tell the truth or at least a good part of it, nobody will listen to or believe VOA. Since this argument is irrefutable it has served to keep the hourly news bulletins largely, but not entirely, free of propaganda. But credibility is essentially a negative argument and has much less influence on programs, other than newscasts, that constitute the bulk of VOA's air time and are designed to show the U.S. in a favorable light. "Look," a policy officer might say, "we've got to put this anti-Vietnam march in the news because everyone else is carrying it, but let's give it the minimum coverage consistent with credibility. Then let's do a news analysis to put it in perspective." Putting things in perspective, as you will learn, Mr. Daly, means justifying or explaining away something unfavorable to the Administration. You no doubt admire the skilled ingenuity of language and logic needed to explain, say, how the South Vietnamese are helped by moving them en masse out of entire districts and resettling them in squalid refugee camps.

Intimately related to this is the question of foreign service officers. You will have discovered by now that many of the top jobs at VOA are held not by career VOA men who are professional broadcasters but by foreign service officers who are serving only temporarily at the "Voice." Not only are they usually without substantial experience in broadcasting but their friends and their futures are with the foreign service of USIA and the State Department. They are, in a sense, a sort of fifth column to keep VOA in line, for USIA and State have a wholly exaggerated view of the career VOA people as "tigers" who don't give a damn about policy.

These foreign service officers weaken the *esprit de corps* of VOA in several ways. They work for VOA, yet their attitudes are the public relations attitudes of USIA; VOA, although a propaganda arm of the government, is also a huge news broadcasting organization with the more objective standards implicit therein. Why should foreign service officers appeal policy decisions with which they generally agree? This policy-foreign service attitude, Mr. Daly, might be defined like this: Never report anything unfavorable unless there is absolutely no choice. If such a report cannot be avoided, make it as short and as inconspicuous as possible and couch it in the best possible terms.

Further, these foreign service officers are professional bureaucrats, and bureaucrats seldom leap gleefully into battle with higher authority, particularly when that authority will determine whether the officer gets promoted and whether he and his family go to Rome next year or to Ougadougou. Thus, Mr. Daly, you cannot expect these foreign service officers—although there are notable and splendid exceptions—to share your dedication to full and fair coverage of the troubled American scene. Not only are they public relations men, not newsmen, but such dedication would mean almost constant controversy and, if there is anything the bureaucrat has learned, it is that controversy and advancement seldom go hand in hand.

Further, however much they think of you personally, the foreign service officers, both within USIA proper and VOA, almost certainly regard you as an outsider who will be gone in a year or two. They naturally assume that an outsider, however intelligent, doesn't really get the picture. They will not fight you; they will just pleasantly, smilingly, affably hem you in and among themselves, the club members, make many of the decisions that should be yours. So the organization you nominally head often will have, in ways that will seem mysterious to you, a momentum almost totally unresponsive to your direction.

One final word about these foreign service officers. The career VOA people see them come and go, filling the high posts to which they aspire. It's bad enough for them to see their legitimate ambitions blocked by birds of passage, but much worse for morale when they know that these temporary occupants are not only less well qualified than they but put other interests first. Thus, when a foreign service officer makes a particularly timid decision about something controversial in the news, it is considered sufficient explanation simply that he is a foreign service officer. "He's foreign service. What did you expect?"

There is no need to say too much about Congress, Mr. Daly. You have already begun to learn about that. No sooner did you advocate full and fair coverage of the Vietnamese situation at home and abroad than you were landed on with both feet by Congressman John J. Rooney, the budget-cutting terror of successive administrations. The Brooklyn Democrat promptly defined your job perhaps a bit differently than you envisioned it: "His job is purely administrative. It has to do with contracts and the purchase of equipment. And where he does get into programing he should realize his job is to promote our way of thinking." Mr. Rooney is not entirely wrong. You will find so much of your time taken up with administration and budget preparation (particularly how to outmaneuver that same Mr. Rooney) that you will have little left for programing. But you will find plenty

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of people willing to take most of that work off your hands.

Nor is Mr. Rooney alone in his concept of your role in programing. Congress has always been generous with VOA—to the envy of your colleagues in the rest of USIA—because it can "penetrate the iron and bamboo curtains" and thus clobber the Commies. No doubt Rep. Charles S. Joelson (D., N.J.) was speaking for many, probably most, of his colleagues when he told the House that you had a mistaken idea of your new job if you thought it was to broadcast all points of view to the world. And in every administration, the White House, the State Department and USIA have shared this view that VOA is a salesman demonstrating the ideal, not the real, America.

The above would be sufficient to frustrate your fine goal of objective news coverage, for even in quiet times you would have found that you had taken on a job with incompatible goals. As I learned well, no one can be at one and the same time newsman and propagandist. But in these far from quiet times, if there is one thing certain about the Johnson Administration it is that it does not welcome criticism and dissent. One can be regretfully sure that no matter how deep your conviction—and I do not for a moment question it—you, like your predecessors, will find it impossible to give full and fair coverage to the troubled American scene. You will find that you must do things LBJ's way or not at all. Sadly, you may discover that you were hired not for your considerable professional skills but to help brighten the image of the Johnson Administration. And you will be expected in your broadcasts to brighten that image abroad just as your famous presence has brightened it at home. For you direct not the Voice of America but the Voice of Lyndon Baines Johnson. Good luck.

GERMANY AND THE EAST

THE OUTMODED WALL

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Most of the East European intellectuals with whom I spoke on a recent visit to Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Rumania were impatient for change. The prevailing mood was not one of dissatisfaction but rather an eagerness for liberalization and reform along lines that seemed to have been already indicated. The easing of controls that came after 1956 and again in 1962 aroused intense hopes, not merely that there would be further relaxation but that freer discussion would encourage rapid economic improvement. But the wider scope for comment, which is real enough, has thus far failed to produce the miracles that were at first anticipated and, to a degree, the earlier optimism has begun to wane.

Sensing this change of mood, the regime in Czechoslovakia has attempted to tighten controls but, from what I could learn, without much success. At the writers congress in Prague, June 27-29, sterile pronouncements by party spokesmen evoked few cheers; in fact the rejoinders were sharp and uninhibited. The party leadership, which seems to be somewhat out of touch, has been disturbed by the "way out" character of recent Czech movies. Quite recently, official spokesmen deplored two favorable film reviews that had appeared in *Literarni Noviny,* but the editors replied that films would not be reviewed at all if the magazine could not feel free to distribute praise as it saw fit.

That dispute is perhaps not yet settled, but it was my impression that East European intellectuals are capable of defending their interests; they certainly do not hesitate to say what they think about a wide range of issues. While they are impatient and critical, most of them feel that the new economic measures which go into effect next year will bring about significant improvement. Market forces are to be allowed freer play in an effort to unfetter the economy from centralization and red tape; the goal is a kind of "market socialism," notably in the area of consumer goods.

I could sympathize with the mood of impatience but I also felt some sympathy for the planners and bureaucrats. The weight of history, custom and tradition in these countries is enormous. Incongruous elements from the past persist alongside contemporary socialism. In Czechoslovakia I was told repeatedly that the educational system has adapted very slowly to new goals and purposes. There is surely nothing "reactionary" or "regressive" about ballroom dancing per se, but it is at least surprising that under socialism as under capitalism, many Czech parents feel that instruction in this social grace is essential to the education of their young. Similarly, the sight of a bride and groom, in full wedding regalia (old style), riding through the crowded, narrow streets of Prague in an open horse-drawn carriage, with a large wedding party following in automobiles in low gear, is charming and reassuring but not in the accepted Socialist style. By Czech standards, enormous sums are being spent on renovating—principally cleaning the façades—of Prague's handsome buildings; scaffolding hangs in almost every street.

The force of custom—the pride in history—give a distinctly "national" cast to the socialism of these countries. Traditional intellectual and cultural ties with Western Europe have not been broken. Nevertheless, old habit can create problems for planners. Highly advantageous trade agreements which could nowadays be made with such cold-sea countries as Norway, Iceland and the Soviet Union would enable the Czechs to enjoy excellent sea food at very cheap prices. But the tyranny of the dumpling is a force to be reckoned with in Czechoslovakia, and it will take time, and much persuasion, to win a place for cod and haddock on the tables

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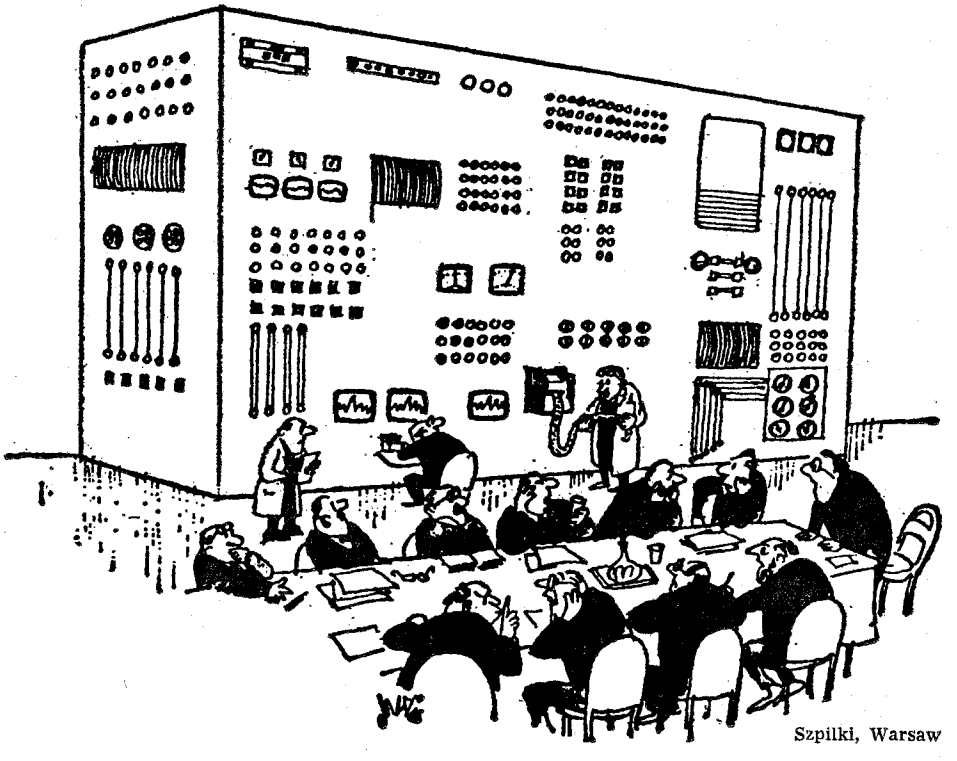
of Prague. The relatively low consumption of milk, the fact that vegetables and fruits are regarded as seasonal luxuries, and that more venison is consumed than mutton—these and many similar aspects of the Czech diet illustrate the drag of custom.

All the same, there is good reason to believe that the East Europeans' desire for livelier economic activity will be gratified. The proposed reforms should help, but it may be more important that the current "minislump" in West Germany—the first in the postwar period—has resulted in a significant shift of policy. The Kiesinger-Brandt regime has made sharp cutbacks in military expenditures (much to the annoyance of Washington), and is pushing an "opening to the East" policy with great vigor. Even now the German "presence" is palpable in the three countries I visited. German tourists, from the West and from the East, are everywhere. They have found that an easy way to circumvent the Berlin Wall and the division of the German nation is to rendezvous with friends and relatives in one or another of the East European countries. Roads are good, travel is cheap, restrictions are minimal, and prices are relatively low. Germans who want to indulge, as many of them do, in black-market currency operations, find a vacation in Prague very inexpensive indeed.

But tourism is merely one phase of the growing German "presence." West Germany is the leading trade partner with all the East European countries. The Soviet bloc nations have doubled their trade with the West since 1958, raising it to well above the $6 billion mark and, as Gilbert Burck observes in the July issue of *Fortune,* "they appear ready to do almost anything short of breaking off relations with the Soviet Union itself to increase trade with the West even more steeply." To date the bulk of this trade has gone to West Germany. The American share is not much larger than Sweden's—about $285 million in 1966 and even less than it was in 1938.

The economic reforms that will go into effect next year in Hungary and Czechoslovakia should make it easier for them to trade outside the Communist bloc. The Soviet economic model, which was rigidly adhered to at the outset, was never well adapted to conditions in these countries. The Soviet Union is largely self-sufficient in raw materials, but planning based on self-sufficient economic development was unrealistic for the East European nations. Hungary exports almost 40 per cent of what it produces, whereas in the Soviet Union the figure is a mere 2 per cent. Like all small countries, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Rumania need trade, and the more they industrialize, the greater becomes their need. Today about two-thirds of their export business is with other Socialist states, between 30 and 40 per cent being with the Soviet Union itself. Increased trade with the West should permit the East European countries to bargain more effectively with the Soviets. It is a question of emphasis and not, of course, an either/or proposition. For example, Rumania's trade with the West has increased since 1964, and its trade with the Soviet Union has declined in the same period, but Rumania is not about to move out of the Soviet orbit, now or in the future. For trade with the West to be profitable, however, the East European countries must know what their real costs are and must be able to relate their prices to those on the world market. The new economic reforms should be helpful on this score.

As for the more immediate political and economic stimulation of the new West German policy, the first



Szpilki, Warsaw

"It Says To Set Up A Market"

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tangible success came last January when the agile Rumanians decided to recognize the Bonn regime regardless of what East Germany, Poland or the Soviet Union might think about it. True, the West Germans issued an accompanying statement which, in effect, stated that recognition implied no change in the Federal Republic's position on certain long-standing issues, but recognition is recognition, with or without face-saving statements. Rumania's qualified "independence" within the Soviet bloc made it the logical member to scout the territory. But on August 3, Czechoslovakia and West Germany signed a treaty for the exchange of trade missions with limited consular functions. The missions will have diplomatic status. The agreement will regulate trade and payments and, with the help of a 1966 West German regulation enlarging the list of goods for trade with Communist countries, should make it easier for the Czechs to overcome a $2.5-million deficit in the annual $200-million exchange with West Germany. The kind of trade-mission agreement just concluded is a form of *de facto* recognition, and in fact only a few outstanding issues prevent formal diplomatic recognition. Hungary, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria will probably conclude similar agreements soon and one may assume that formal recognition will eventually follow.

Rumania probably stands to gain less from expanded trade with West Germany than does Hungary or Czechoslovakia. With Rumania, a compelling motive for the agreement with Bonn was to buttress its "independent" position. The speech of Nicolas Ceausescu, general secretary of the Rumanian Communist Party, at the recent National Assembly session (July 24), was in essence a tactful declaration of qualified independence within the bloc. International disputes, he said, can no longer be settled by the big powers alone; the cooperation of all states is required. "By acting with vigor and militancy in defense of their legitimate interests and rights, the middle-sized and small countries can play an outstanding part in international life, can considerably influence the course of events, contributing toward the safeguarding of world peace and security." Rumania did not attend the seven-nation conference in Budapest on the Middle East, and what Ceausescu said in his speech about the Middle East was not far removed from the Israeli position.

The Rumanians have been careful not to cross the Soviets on any issue that might invite a crackdown, but they know—indeed they have been the first to discover—that as long as the East European countries stay within certain clearly indicated limitations, Moscow can do little to prevent them from pursuing a discreet "independent" line. To date, the Russians have said nothing about the Bonn-Bucharest agreement, but the fact that on July 20 Ceausescu announced a shake-up of the Rumanian security forces and denounced as "impermissible interference" any meddling in Rumania's internal affairs suggests that some interference may have been attempted. Following up on the January agreement, West German Foreign Minister Willy Brandt has recently visited Bucharest—the first such official visit by a West German of his position to an East European capital other than Moscow since the war. Apparently the visit went well: Rumania will support West Germany's entry into the seven-nation Danube Commission as a full member and Brandt announced that West Germany would liberalize its trade policies on Rumanian imports.

It is intriguing to speculate as to what will happen to the structure of "the German problem" if this new "opening to the East" is pursued. The East Germans cannot prevent the other East European countries from trading with, and even recognizing, the Federal Republic. As West German trade with the East European countries expands—and as East Germany's trade with these same countries also grows—what will be the meaning of a continued division of Germany? Won't the East European countries become increasingly aware of a general German "presence," made evident by a steadily rising stream of German tourists, officials and salesmen from the East and from the West, as well as by steadily expanding trade with both Germanys? And if this trend should persist, why, in the fairly near future, should not West and East Germany achieve, first, some practical working agreements on a variety of issues (on August 7 it was announced that East Germany had placed orders for $25 million worth of rolling stock and electric equipment in West Germany) and, eventually, some form of mutual recognition? If all East Europe recognizes both Germanys, why should one Germany not recognize the other?

Most of the East Europeans, including officials, with whom I spoke about these matters took essentially that position. At the same time, I sensed sharply that the East Europeans have by no means made their peace with the Germans. Everywhere I heard versions—a dozen or more—of the same joke. What is the difference, the joke goes, between West Germans and East Germans? And the answer: "We have to smile at the East Germans." The Czechs note—and stress—that the Federal Republic always has a representative present at meetings of the various patriotic groups that seek a return of the "lost provinces." And every now and then a German will show up in the Sudetenland to warn the occupants of the farm he once owned that he intends to regain possession one of these days and is holding them responsible for its good care.

On the other hand, the Czechs and the Hungarians are convinced that West Germany is a good trading partner. And as long as this trade is properly balanced, it can be a factor not merely in improving the standard of living in the East European countries but in promoting a new stability and security in Middle Europe. It should be noted, however, that birth rates are quite low in Hungary and Czechoslovakia and that the preponderance of German power is already very great. In productive power, either Germany alone would be a match for these countries. But the Soviet Union, of course, provides a strong counterweight.

An American visitor to Eastern Europe today must see the extreme short-sightedness of our policy. We have a remarkable opportunity there, if only we were prepared to take advantage of it. To be sure, the war in

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Vietnam is a strong barrier at the moment, but I encountered no unpleasantness on this score in the three countries I visited. Those with whom I discussed Vietnam expressed their views frankly but there was no rancor in what they said. In fact I encountered nothing that could be fairly characterized as "anti-American" in any sense.

The East Europeans are eager to trade with the West and in particular with the United States. But they cannot trade with us, Vietnam or no Vietnam, as long as our trade policies discriminate against them to the extent that they now do. Yet the possibilities of trade are excellent. It is ironic that the old Yankee trading spirit should be most visibly exemplified in Rumania today by Pepsi-Cola, which is rapidly becoming the nation's most popular soft drink. If Pepsi-Cola can tap this market, why can't it be tapped by a long list of American products? There is a hunger in the East European countries for consumer goods, and it should be possible to devise means whereby they could acquire the dollars they would need if they were to become significant buyers of our products. An expanded American tourist influx would be one source; Yugoslavia garnered $18 million from American tourism last year. But there are other means. The Yugoslavs have found markets in this country for a wide range of products, from slivovitz to aluminum and copper bars. And last year Yugoslavia bought $173 million worth of U.S. goods—nearly as much as the other East European countries combined. Granted that Yugoslavia is, for the moment, a special case, still the Czechs estimate that if they were accorded most-favored-nation treatment their sales to the United States would soon exceed $100 million a year. There would surely be a market in this country for Bohemian glassware and other fine Czech products. And why not extend long-term credits? Some West European and Japanese exporters now give these countries up to ten years to pay. No East European government has ever defaulted on a trade obligation to the West, although they did, of course, repudiate the debts of their pre-revolutionary regimes.

To the extent that East European countries can increase trade with the West, their domestic reforms will have a better chance to succeed. To the extent that they can trade outside the Communist bloc, their dependence on the Soviet Union will be reduced. If we fail to seize the developing opportunity, others will take it. In any case, the "opening to the East" which the West Germans are now exploiting promises to make a shambles of the Dulles policy of freezing East-West relations in Middle Europe. As Uwe Kitzinger pointed out in a recent talk on the B.B.C.: "During the cold-war days of the Dulles-Eisenhower era West Germany in effect had no options . . . for the East had nothing to give on terms that the West Germans could accept. Bonn was a vital and some would say influential ally with a special relationship to Washington. . . . But today the Americans are preoccupied in Asia and wanting support from Europe rather than giving it . . . and options appear to be opening up through direct German deals with Eastern Europe. . . ." Today the East European countries, as Rumanian diplomacy has demonstrated, do not need to be pawns or satellites of the big powers; within limitations they can pursue independent trade policies and they should be encouraged to do so. Rumania's Premier, Ion Gheorghe Maurer, said recently that Europe would be a safe place "if NATO and the Warsaw Pact were both scrapped." Each country, he added, would then be master in its own house. NATO is in fact weakening and that implies a weakening of the Warsaw Pact; it may soon be possible to work out new security arrangements in Middle Europe. In this changing pattern of relationships there are "openings" for both the East and the West, the United States included.

YANKEE STATION

INVITING RETALIATION

THOMAS W. PEW, JR.
Mr. Pew is editor and associate publisher of the Troy Daily News, *Troy, Ohio.*

Yankee Station is a spot in the Gulf of Tonkin where three or four United States aircraft carriers steam in a perpetual circle launching and recovering their planes. During the first week of August its complement included the carriers *Oriskany*, the *Constellation* and the *Intrepid*. The *Forrestal*, normally one of this number, was missing.

Thus far in the war the giant floating air bases have been safely out of range of enemy attack, although they are far from safe duty posts for American sailors and airmen. (The flight-deck fire aboard the 75,900-ton *Forrestal* that wiped out twenty-six planes, killed some 129 crewmen, and left several "dining-room-size" holes in its deck was the third aboard an aircraft carrier off North Vietnam —earlier fires raked the *Oriskany* and the *Franklin D. Roosevelt*.) But even the devastating *Forrestal* disaster would be mild compared with a surprise missile or artillery attack from the coast of North Vietnam. Arching high or streaking low along the water, guided missiles and artillery shells could be ripping holes at the water lines and blasting the decks of the carriers before the vessels would be aware that they were under attack. Such an attack on the carriers—which have no significant anti-aircraft armament other than their own interceptors—could conceivably cost the United States thousands of men; and, if skillfully executed by the North Vietnamese, nearly $1 billion in ships and aircraft. Worse than this, such an attack could catapult the U.S. into a large act of escalation and Yankee Station into the role of World War III's Pearl Harbor.

That North Vietnam is working on a few complex weapon emplacements along the coast has been quietly revealed. A special report to *The New York Times* by

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William Beecher noted that "aerial reconnaissance has detected a handful of elaborate new concrete weapons installations along the North Vietnamese coast between Thanh-hoa and Donghoi." At almost the same time it was announced that U.S. naval activity off the coast was going to increase with the addition of the reactivated battleship *New Jersey* whose nine 16-inch guns are capable of lobbing 1,900-pound shells over ranges exceeding 20 miles.

Exhibiting typical Pentagon confidence one officer said: "We can't be sure the Soviets won't provide surface-to-surface missiles to North Vietnam, but we don't think they're eager to do so. They realize that, beyond attacking the launching sites, we might feel compelled to escalate the war still further. And we don't think the Russians want that." But, he conceded, the *Times* reports that "if Hanoi were able to sink a destroyer, cruiser or aircraft carrier with a missile it would gain a major propaganda coup." The *New Jersey,* a nostalgic symbol of American military might, would also make an excellent target.

Since the United States has failed miserably in protecting its major ground air bases in South Vietnam from short-range mortars and rockets, by what presumption do naval and Pentagon officials feel they can stop or even predict an attack from sophisticated coastal emplacements? Are we to circle and wait at Yankee Station as we sat and waited at Pearl Harbor? Or is there possibly some scheme to use a few lost American ships and a few thousand lost American men to fan the home front into supporting a drastic attack on North Vietnam? As for a choice of missiles that would do the job on the U.S. sitting ducks, the Russians have a generous arsenal to offer the North Vietnamese. Beecher lists the following:

- Kennel-8, a short-range anti-shipping missile designed initially for launching from a bomber. The 28-foot-long turbojet missile has a 16-foot wingspread and resembles a small jet fighter.
- Shaddock, a 40-foot missile with a range estimated at over 200 miles. It has been paraded through Moscow, and the Soviet press describes it as a coastal-defense missile.
- Styx, a 20-foot missile resembling the Kennel-8. One version has a 15-mile range and another is believed somewhat longer ranged. The Styx is the standard armament on small Soviet missile boats.
- Scud, a land-based 35-foot guided missile. One version is estimated to have a range of 90 miles, and a longer-range version has been developed.

That the North Vietnamese have already given considerable thought to coastal defense has been proved in several artillery hits they have scored against American ships that have operated too close to the coast from the "17th Parallel north to Thanh-hoa." In this area there are about ten destroyers and one cruiser. Defense Department officials have admitted that they "are worried about the damage that might be done if larger, longer-range weapons are installed," the *Times* reports, and notes that: "The principal Russian coastal artillery gun is a 130-mm weapon that fires a 70-pound projectile 17 miles or more. It is reputed to have considerable armor-piercing power." The installation of this artillery piece or any of the missiles described above would considerably hamper U.S. style on the water, if not blast our ships out of the water forthwith. As one planner told the *Times*: "We can't expect to place warships off the coast of North Vietnam and bombard it for a year or more and not expect weapons to be brought in that can do us some damage in return. While we certainly pray we don't lose any ships, we can't count on it indefinitely."

Meanwhile, Yankee Station continues to steam in a circle—a bull's-eye for destruction. It is not only the North Vietnamese we have to worry about, though they are going to build those missile and artillery bases on the coast and try to blow us out of the sea; it is the vacillating Pentagonites and the pride-blind naval officers who are the real danger. And there may be one higher up who is even more dangerous as he weighs the political advantages in an election year of having a consensus on the war.

90th Congress: Slapping at Symbols

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

The militant Negroes will be in for just one more disappointment if they take too seriously their own talk of a "rebellion." They can destroy property with matches, but they can't destroy the power structure that way. The unromantic truth is that when the smoke has all blown away they still will have to build their future on the whims of Congress. The Congress that will sit through 1968 lacks the will power, the leadership and the inclination to carry out anything in the way of a major reform. The only cheerful footnote is that this Congress also hasn't enough energy to be effectively vengeful.

The House of Representatives is in especially bad shape. Members openly talk about Speaker McCormack's senility. Majority Leader Carl Albert is physically ill and exhausted; he has been unable to exert the slightest discipline this session. Minority Leader Gerald Ford apparently thinks he is still playing football at the University of Michigan because in response to any problem he babbles along at the level of socko (!) and pow (!). Ever since the Dixiecrats and conservative Republicans learned that they were powerful enough to block due process for Adam Clayton Powell, a mob spirit has prevailed. First the Powell kangaroo court, then the anti-flag-burning bill, and now the anti-riot bill.

The Senate is also a terminal case, but quieter. Whatever virility might have been mustered was dissipated by Democratic Whip Russell Long, first in his tedious filibuster to

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pass a campaign slush fund, and then in his suspiciously psychotic defense of Thomas Dodd, the censured Senator. After the Dodd fiasco, Sen. Thruston B. Morton of Kentucky appraised the situation accurately but incompletely: "I don't think there has been a time in my memory when Congress has been at such a low ebb in the judgment of the American people." He could have said low ebb of any kind.

Among unhappy progressives wandering the halls of the Capitol, the most optimistic prediction comes from Rep. Henry Reuss: "I think it would be fatuous to say

Ben Roth Agency

Congress will do something this session when our record so far is so poor. But some of the Administration's programs are so unrelated to anything that's going on, who can say a frontal assault with some new program wouldn't have results?" Others would be more likely to agree with Rep. Henry Gonzalez:

> This Congress is dead. It has been from the beginning. It is a mad, confused Congress that wastes its time slashing at symbols. It's the same kind of Congress I ran into in 1963, when I came to Washington. Nothing was being done then that related to the problems out in the country. A little energy would be worked up by Wednesday, and this would carry over to Thursday, maybe, but then all life would go out of it again. Came the assassination and Congress swung into action. Now we've got another Wednesday-and-Thursday Congress, doing nothing. Does it take assassinations to get action?

Even the few efforts made in this Congress to correct the causes of violent feelings are being undercut by President Johnson. Once again—as was tragically true of his Civil Rights Act—the President is indicating that he does not want a gutsy program; he merely wants a few bill titles that he can wave in the next campaign. *The New York Times* recently editorialized that "the Johnson Administration is determined to fight poverty, urban decay and other root causes of civic unrest with all the slogans in its arsenal—provided it doesn't have to back them up with money." Half the arsenal is made up of empty slogans, the other half is empty bills. For instance: Potentially, the most useful bill working its way through Congress now is the House version of the proposed Consumer Credit Protection Act, better known as the truth in lending bill. As it stands now, the main provisions of the bill would require (*1*) that the lender or seller clearly state the annual finance charge; (*2*) that no interest higher than 18 per cent can be charged; and (*3*) that garnishment of wages will be outlawed.

It is no secret that a great many middle and low-income people are made miserable by gouging creditors. Senate hearings revealed ghetto Negroes and whites paying 290 per cent interest on auto purchases, and up to 285 per cent interest on TV sets. When the ignorant man borrows money, the interest rate is often 300 per cent or higher; if he can't pay, the creditor garnishees his wages. This angers the boss, who fires the worker. This angers the worker, who figures it is just another sign of the Establishment's meanness. And he's ready to use a brick. Some of the smashing and looting of shops was undoubtedly done by happy debtors "getting back their own."

The House Banking Committee staff estimates that $1.5 billion in debt were wiped out by personal bankruptcy actions last year, and that 80 per cent of the people who went into bankruptcy admitted doing so as the only way to escape garnishment of wages, followed by the loss of their job. The National Industrial Conference Board in 1965 found that 13 per cent of all employers will fire any worker subject to garnishment, and that 43 per cent of the companies that hire more than 5,000 employees will fire a worker for that reason. In some areas, garnishment is an industrial way of life. The Chicago plant of Inland Steel is supervising the garnishment of wages for 2,000 of its 22,000 employees.

This is the situation that the truth in lending bill is supposed to correct. Now comes the betrayal: More than a year ago national headquarters of the AFL-CIO began urging certain Congressmen to write a tough consumer credit bill. More than half the signers of the House bill put their names on it at the request of AFL-CIO lobbyists. A few weeks ago, for instance, Rep. Jonathan Bingham was asked by two labor lobbyists to put his name on the bill and give it his full support; he was assured by the lobbyists that if labor had anything against the bill, "it was too soft."

Yet on the third day of the hearings in the House Banking Committee, Andrew J. Biemiller, director of legislative affairs for the AFL-CIO, stated, straight-faced, that "no formal or specific national policy has been developed by the national AFL-CIO" on the problem of maximum interest rates, or garnishment or creditor-debtor contracts. He said he considered these premature elements in the bill, and he urged that Congress hold off any action until a full study was made, as suggested by President Johnson.

The President had put the pressure on labor to help gut the bill of its most controversial sections, just as he had sent his consumer "expert," Betty Furness, to make the

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same appeal to the committee the day before. Johnson isn't interested in the bill's program; he is interested only in its title.

Precisely the same philosophy brought about the death of the celebrated rat-control bill. If President Johnson really cared about killing rats, he could have quietly channeled millions of dollars through extermination programs already existing in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. That department should supervise the program, anyway. The emphasis on rat extermination should be to improve human health—not real estate. The Department of Housing and Urban Affairs is not the proper administrator of the program, just as the Department of Agriculture is not the proper administrator of the food-stamp program, which also should be given to HEW on the same grounds: food distribution programs are to improve human health, not farm incomes.

But Johnson was set on getting a bill with that title—Rat Control Bill—into Congress, even if it meant risking the program. So he sent it to the floor, although his House advisers warned him that the head count was incomplete and, such as it was, indicated a most precarious position for the legislation.

With his interests now solely centered on next year's campaign (labor officials who experienced an hour and a half of monologue in the White House recently came away reporting that the President sounds truly panicky about 1968), no response to the slum problem, except perhaps another call to prayers, can be expected from the White House. Just to make sure his cronies in Congress understood his mood, Johnson had Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler announce that none of the money raised by the proposed 10 per cent income tax surcharge would go to anti-poverty; all would go to Vietnam.

When Johnson named Gov. Otto Kerner of Illinois—protege of Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley—to chair the eleven-man Special Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, nobody needed a guide book to understand the purely political nature of the investigation that would result. Skepticism immediately became epidemic. "The chief purpose of the commission, one suspects," wrote Charles Bartlett, "is to buy the time necessary to give the White House a clearer view of the nation's reaction to the ghetto uprisings."

Not to be outstudied by the Executive branch, the House voted $25 million for "planning and research" into the cause and control of riots, and in the Senate, John McClellan of Arkansas tooled up his subcommittee for an investigation of the riots that promises to be about as objective as McClellan's personal attitude. When a Newark policeman appeared before the Senate Judiciary Committee, McClellan began shouting at him: "What are you afraid of? . . . Are you timid? Have the police been cowed? Why are they afraid to do their jobs?"

The riots have been useful in at least one respect. They have made Washington admit what should have been obvious long ago—the Vietnamese War is a domestic issue. The Johnson Administration used the "guns-and-butter" argument with surprising success until this summer, but that's done with now. Last year it would have been thought an impossible achievement, but the riots have actually destroyed the old cliche. What guns and what butter? The guns in Newark and the butter on Premier Ky's table? The terms have become meaningless; everything is too mixed up. Saigon (possibly because the local military operates with equal fairness in both places) seems as close as Plainfield, N. J., and Vice President Humphrey talks about a "Marshall Plan" for Detroit.

At least Martin Luther King is vindicated here in the capital. In the spring, the *Congressional Record* was spotted with denunciations of King for trying to merge the peace movement with the Negro freedom movement. Looking back on it now, that hardly seems like a radical position, but even old allies like the NAACP and the Urban League said he was out of line. On April 10, the NAACP passed a resolution reading: "Civil rights battles will have to be fought or won on their own merits, irrespective of the state of war or peace in the world." *The Washington Post*, always happy to serve as a sheath for President Johnson's daggers, reported on April 16: "Administration officials privately suggest that Dr. King leaped headlong into peace campaigns partly in search of money and headlines. . . ."

Four months later, the riots made the lumping of race and war problems a commonplace, even among such cautious moderates as Sen. Robert Kennedy. On the television program, *Meet the Press*, recently Douglas Kiker asked him: "Which will be the larger issue [in 1968] Vietnam or big city riots?" Kennedy answered: "I think they are going to be very closely related. . . ." In April, Dr. King was scolded for confusing issues when he said that giving top priority to military spending pointed to the nation's "approaching spiritual death." In August, Sen. William Fulbright calls the Great Society a "sick society" for the same reasons, and nobody gives it a second thought; after all, at least one-third of Congress, that least sensitive of bodies, is saying the same thing, publicly or privately.

But this Congress is saying many things, in all directions: some of them make headlines, although they reflect no substantive impulses. This Congress is without trends—it is stuck. Once in a while some member will stray into a compassionate insight. (Sen. Philip Hart: "The rioters belong to no world but their own. It is a world where the police can arrive in five minutes but it may take months to get the building code inspector in.") But the effect on the 90th Congress is, practically speaking, no better or worse than the numskulleries of Congressman John Rarick ("Senator Bilbo, Senator McCarthy, and an army of others foresaw and forewarned our people of the black-power movement controlled by the Communist Party years ago"); or the overwrought alarms of a normally balanced Senator such as Eugene McCarthy ("the statements of Stokely Carmichael in Cuba . . . run far beyond the reasonable limits of freedom of speech").

Vice President Humphrey blames Congress for the riots, and Sen. Joseph Clark says Congress shouldn't be blamed. The unretiring J. Edgar Hoover is showing new sources of usefulness, supplying quotes to both sides: some Congressmen have him saying that the slum disturbances are the work of conspiring Communists; others that there is no

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conspiracy. House Concurrent Resolution No. 450 is one of several efforts to make the Justice Department prosecute Stokely Carmichael for sedition. But on the other hand, ten members of the House signed a statement urging U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam (just as Carmichael is doing) so that the money can be spent for domestic reforms. If all this adds up to anything, it is a significant zero.

When King David was "old and covered with years," the Bible says, the wise men of his tribe tried to restore his circulation by putting a young virgin in bed with him, "but he got no heat." The men who run Congress, especially the leadership of the House of Representatives, are like David—old in their bones, cold in spirit, and unable to respond normally to passionate situations.

Not even the most riotous summer in the nation's history can arouse this Congress to more than a quiver of cliches and angry groans of impotence.

THE YANQUI UNIVERSITIES

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

RONALD HILTON

Mr. Hilton is executive director of The California Institute of International Studies at Stanford. He returned last spring from a year in Latin America.

Where are American universities headed? They are being Latin Americanized. Where are Latin American universities headed? They are being Americanized.

After graduating from Oxford University, I undertook as a modern version of the Grand Tour a methodical plan of graduate study in each of the major countries of the Western world, spending in the course of this program two years (1934-36) in Madrid and two years (1937-39) at Berkeley as a Commonwealth Fund Fellow. In recent years I have visited practically every university in Latin America several times; their traditional structure has been modified by the influence of France, Germany and now the United States, but it is still essentially Spanish. Quite unlike that of Spain and Spanish America, the U.S. university system took on its peculiar form because unconsciously, or sometimes consciously, it imitated the structure of our business corporations. I received, therefore, a sharp impression of the dissimilarity between Spanish and U.S. universities.

One of my first experiences at the University of Madrid was the crisis (this was at the beginning of the Civil War) between the university and the government when students used the Faculty of Medicine to shoot it out with the police. A Civil Guard was killed (usually the students were the victims of these affrays), and the monarchist paper *A.B.C.* put the tear-jerking caption "Civil Guards also have mothers!" under photographs of the dead member of the elite police. Life at the university college known as the Residencia de Estudiantes was frustrating. The students at one faculty or another would declare a strike. We would learn of it when we went down to breakfast, and the students would stay home all day, playing tennis, talking politics, occasionally doing a little work. They knew Spanish politics inside out, and I learned then that books, journals and newspapers are inadequate for the study of politics in Spanish-speaking countries. Only long hours of conversation open the gate to this fascinating field.

A graduate student in law, a Communist who lived across from me in the Residencia, was killed in one of the battles fought in the university city. My best friend was a conservative who took refuge in the Uruguayan Embassy. When Franco entered Madrid in 1939, this man was released after three years of confinement, drafted into the Blue Legion to fight on Hitler's Eastern front, and died in the snows of Russia.

American universities provided a quite different kind of surprise. No American professor or student in the late 1930s would declare himself to be an "intellectual," a word common on the Madrid academic scene. Professors were described as "employees of the university"; I humbly find this normal now after thirty years, but then it seemed an outrageous affront to the "intellectuals." On the day I arrived in New York, a professor jumped from a skyscraper window, following a disagreement with his university administration. I can understand that too now, but at the time I wondered how universities could possibly have administrations so powerful as to drive the faculty to suicide. In fact, the expression, "university administration," meant little to me; in Europe no such thing really existed. An American businessman whom I met had been a university dean; when I asked why he had left academic life, he answered that he couldn't stand the competition. The universities I visited were efficiently run. The administration ran the corporation; the faculty was busy with research which would bring prestige, promotion and salary increases; the students had a good time and studied enough to acquire the diploma that would bring them, if not prestige, at least a job. Long, fascinating conversations about politics would have interfered with the tedious job of equipping oneself for the struggle for existence in a competitive society.

Since World War II a curious mutual shift has been taking place. Dissatisfied with the inhumanity of the American academic structure, the liberals among the faculty and students have pointed to certain distasteful features of our university system and, in trying to remedy them, have been pushing our universities toward precisely the same solution which the Spanish-American universities found under the impact of the liberalizing movement. Meanwhile, upset by the inefficiency of the liberal university system, the conservatives, the military,

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the Roman Catholic Church and North American business interests have been urging or even forcing Latin American universities to adopt the traditional structure of U.S. universities. To speed the process, they have established new universities which, for want of a better term, we shall call the "Americanized" universities. Latin American intellectuals are viscerally opposed to the Americanization of their universities, but the money and power behind this movement are hard to resist. Moreover, Latin Americans desperately want their countries to be successful, and since a successful country has as an integral part a successful university system, they are willing to try U.S. academic methods. Few Latin Americans, even those who dislike Americanization, stop to analyze the implications of the U.S. system of higher education. Conversely, very few Americans realize that their universities are being Latin Americanized. The two systems are, therefore, like ships passing in the night. Perhaps a little ship-to-ship conversation would be a good thing, since the seas are uncharted. What are the issues involved?

Faculty and students in the United States are no longer willing to be controlled, through the boards of trustees, by the power elite. They want a say in the conduct of the university's affairs on the highest level. Most Latin American universities have achieved this, usually with a tripartite governing body drawn from the faculty, the alumni and the students. This system is blamed, rather unfairly, for the inefficiency of Latin American university administration. The Americanized universities employ U.S.-style boards of trustees on which the faculty and students have little, if any, representation. Usually a sop is offered in the form of a committee made up of administration, faculty and students, which airs its views but has no real power. It is doubtful that this device will much longer appease the demands of the faculty and students, who want to have their hands on the legal controls of the university. There have not yet been demands for the tripartite system used in Latin America, but they may come later.

In Latin America the Córdoba university reforms of 1917 brought back the medieval democratic system by which university authorities, especially the rector (i.e., president) and the deans are elected by the faculty and students. Faculty members present themselves as candidates, make speeches expounding their programs, and the victorious candidate takes office for a stipulated term. Sometimes the elections are as colorful as a U.S. political convention. By contrast, our university presidents have traditionally been appointed for an unlimited term by the boards of trustees, which can dismiss them at will. There are now demands that the faculty be guaranteed at least some say in the selection of a president. Moreover, academic elections in the United States have been pretty much a formality. They are elections for committees, not for executive posts; candidates do not present themselves, and those elected do not have to state their program. It is now proposed that the elections acquire some reality, that there be effective candidates, and that they be required to state their platforms. Meanwhile, the Americanized universities in Latin America are moving toward the traditional U.S. system; the trustees appoint the rector, who in turn appoints the deans. The circus of elections is abolished.

American university campuses have had no special legal status. In Spanish-speaking countries, university buildings have for centuries been as sacrosanct as the churches, where anyone fleeing from the law could seek asylum. In front of some old Spanish university buildings are stone pillars connected by a chain, beyond which the police could not pass. The tradition of barring police from a university has allowed students in Latin America to barricade themselves inside university buildings and allegedly to convert them into revolutionary barracks. The Americanization of Latin American universities has been accompanied by a flouting of this tradition. When Venezuelan President Leoni recently sent troops into the Central University of Caracas, it did not occur to him that he was acting like the military governments of Argentina and Brazil, which democratic Venezuela has formally denounced. In the United States the reverse trend is perceptible. The presence of the state police on the Berkeley campus has become a major issue, and in a TV interview on February 5 former President Clark Kerr of the University of California said that the assignment of outside police to various campuses had aggravated student unrest. There are demands that university police take care of campus problems, the feeling being that once the campuses are under the thumb of the regular police, academic freedom will vanish. It was precisely this fear that made Latin American universities challenge the right of the government police to enter university buildings.

In the past, most of our great universities were supported by tuition. Since World War II there have been, even in New England and in New York State, moves to provide free higher education on a scale hitherto unknown in the world. Generous California is now wondering how it can afford to maintain its costly state university and college systems, but Governor Reagan's proposal to introduce tuition is generally regarded as a step backward. In Latin America, free university education has been the rule, but in fact the governments have usually been unable or unwilling to pay for a modern university system. Salaries have been low, and funds for libraries and equipment insufficient. The Americanized universities charge tuition and in many cases, as at the Universidad de los Andes in Bogota, offer fair salaries and provide relatively good facilities. The move to introduce tuition would undoubtedly spread were university authorities not afraid of rioting students who will seize and burn buses if fares are raised a cent. Caught in a financial vise, public Latin American universities stress "autonomy," i.e., the state should provide the funds but otherwise not intervene in the affairs of the universities. This cherished autonomy, now being eroded in Latin America, is essentially what the Berkeley liberals demand.

Until now, few Latin American professors have been engaged full time. Most were active in public affairs or supplemented their incomes with outside jobs. Such combinations of activities have been unusual in the United States, but are so no longer. In Latin America faculty absenteeism and lack of concentration on academic duties

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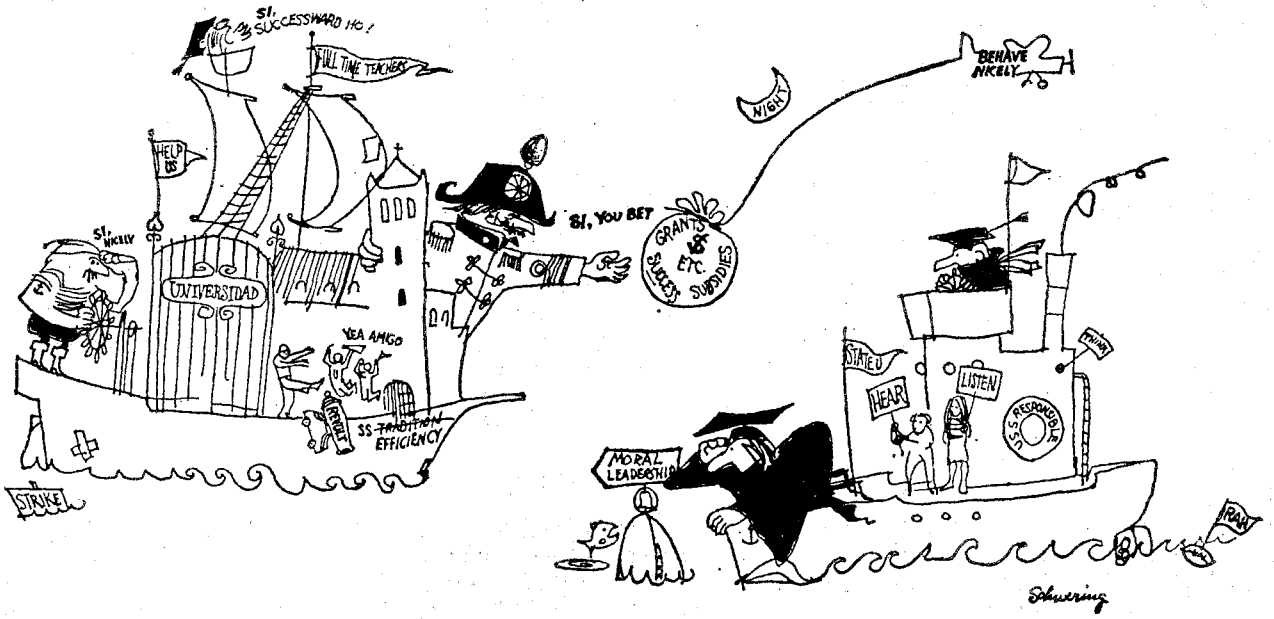

have been sharply criticized, and U.S. foundations are unwilling to support institutions which do not have a solid core of full-time teachers. Many Latin American administrators claim that their aim is to have a completely full-time faculty. The goal is remote, but it is the direction in which Latin American universities are moving.

The American universities traditionally had church affiliations. However, over the past half century universities associated with Protestant churches have been secularized, and just in the last year there has been a surprising movement to secularize Roman Catholic universities. The reason stated is that higher education is incompatible with Church control; it is also probably feared that control of higher education may embarrass the Church, as for example in the case of the faculty strike at St. John's University. Latin America in modern times has feared such control and has kept higher education separate from the Church. The liberal university movement in Spain got its start in the 19th century from the refusal of a group of professors to swear to support Catholic doctrine—a religious version of the loyalty oath. Now the Latin American power elite and U.S. business interests support Americanized universities controlled by the Roman Catholic Church, which is looked upon as a bulwark against communism. The Creole Foundation, belonging to a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company, refuses to support the Central University in Caracas but is giving massive aid to the Catholic University. In March, 1967, Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike charged in *Playboy* magazine that the Jesuits had heavy investments in Creole Petroleum. The Jesuits have traditionally been regarded as the allies, and indeed the agents, of conservative ruling groups. Hence they are constitutionally banned from Mexico, but nevertheless operate the Universidad Iberoamericana with the support of commercial companies. In Guadalajara the business community, supported by the U.S. State Department and U.S. foundations, has been promoting the Catholic university to offset the state university, looked upon as "Socialist." In brief, while in the United States there has been a broad move toward the secularization of higher education, in Latin America the trend has been toward clericalization. While in the United States a liberal Supreme Court has been pushing the separation of church and state in education, the thrust of U.S. influence in Latin America has been to strengthen the hand of the Roman Catholic Church in university affairs. The fact that Catholic universities employ some Protestants and Jews should not mislead us as to the focus of power. It must be said that some Catholic universities do an excellent job and that they are usually willing to cooperate with secular, Protestant and Jewish organizations in a way that would have been inconceivable two decades ago. Unfortunately, the death of Pope John XXIII has brought a slight setback in this cordiality.

Thus, American universities are moving toward the position formerly held by Latin American universities, while these are being pushed into "Americanization." This march and countermarch reflect cultural changes. Previously, American faculty and students stuck to their academic business; they did not demonstrate or strike for political reasons. Now alienation from the power elite has produced every form of social protest on our campuses except armed rebellion. In a conscienceless social structure, our academicians have come to regard themselves as the conscience of the nation. That has traditionally been the stance of Latin American intellectuals, but in the Americanized universities of Latin America faculty and students are being told, quite forcefully, that they must concentrate on being good professionals and forget the illusion that they are the conscience of society. The difference is that between the conservative and progressive viewpoints. The managerial class wants universities to turn out competent technicians with a veneer of culture, not independent citizens who will seriously question the origin of power and wealth. In our universities the progressives have become more aggressive; in Latin America they are being weakened or entirely ousted, with the active collusion of U.S. agencies. The Americans who are taking part

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in what might be called "Operation Latin American University" justify their actions by saying that the liberals who held power in the universities were hostile to the United States and to U.S. business, and had allowed the universities to become chaotic and ineffective. What Latin America needs, the Americans argue, is not campus politicians but qualified engineers and business administrators.

The issue thus enters the domain of foreign policy. What might fairly be called the Reagan viewpoint dominates U.S. influence and aid programs in Latin American education. It is evident in such things as the creation of American-style schools of business, which will turn out U.S.-style business executives. Evident in this emphasis is a curious double standard. We are trying to build academic bridges with the USSR, and government agencies have been inviting a stream of Russian specialists to our campuses. But when a Latin American university enters into relations with the USSR, it is likely to be blacklisted by the United States. When one Latin American university invited some Russian scientists to come as visiting professors, tension between the American Embassy and the university became intolerable, and the rector resigned to lead a leftist political party.

We may be playing with fire. By supporting Roman Catholic universities, we may be unwittingly fanning anti-clericalism, and our university policy generally may become as popular as Governor Reagan's in California. We should study the virulent anti-Americanism of Fidel Castro's Foreign Minister Raúl Roa, an academician who had even been the beneficiary of U.S. largess. The University of Havana was a focal point of the hostility to the academic Americanization described in this article. Without skill and luck our generosity may, as the Spanish say, be *contraproducente*—which seems to be the origin of our neologism "counterproductive." As our two academic ships pass in the night, they could ask each other, "Is this trip worth while?" The trouble is that neither the captains nor the crews seem to know where they are going.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 130)*

the cult of the majority, for the values of the lower middle class, for segregation, and against rum, Judaism and cosmopolitanism.

Gans's worst offense, of course, is his nasty habit of presenting unpalatable facts about democracy. And he has the gall to write about them as if they were true. We share Bendiner's outrage and trust that in future reviews he will carry forward the campaign to stamp out such evils as information, mental health, fluoridation and the loss of vital body fluids.

Martha H. Gillmor
Daniel S. Gillmor

New York City

DEAR SIRS: It is hard for me to see how the Gillmors can imagine that Mr. Gans's work was "stripped of its pretensions to scholarship" by a review that refers to it as "a thoroughgoing sociological study." . . . I think it important, however, to rescue Mr. Gans from his admirers. . . . Gans himself nowhere offers his conclusions as gospel. I am certain that he does not consider it blasphemy to question those conclusions and that, if he were to answer his gentle critics, he would find a better medium than acid.

Elmer Bendiner

expensive platitudes

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: It is understandable that Elisabeth Mann Borgese, a staff member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions which sponsored Pacem in Terris II, would want to put the best possible light on what transpired at that Geneva meeting (*The Nation*, July 31).

Having sat through its boring sessions, I think the European press reaction to PIT was more accurate. The *Journal de Génève* headlined its coverage: "Does one have the right to be banal?" and *Le Monde* said that the conference "uncorked only a series of pious wishes."

One of the few challenging talks of the meeting was by Prof. Paul Lin of McGill University, who argued persuasively that the nuclear nonproliferation treaty negotiations led by the U.S. and the USSR are in reality nothing more than an effort by the big two to preserve their monopoly of power. Mrs. Borgese unfairly dismisses him in her article as a Chinese "spokesman." Lin is a Canadian and a professor of history. He spoke as a scholar, although perhaps somewhat out of harmony with those who, like Mrs. Borgese, thought that "coexistence with China was too remote an issue even to be considered."

Referring to some of the "outstanding" talks, Mrs. Borgese cites Marya Mannes, but doesn't report that her talk contained virtually the only criticism of the conference to be uttered. Politely, Miss Mannes said: "We have suffered deprivations at this meeting. Oh no, not physical. In fact the luxury of our surroundings is perhaps in unhappy contrast to the poverty of our powers. We have been deprived not only of our adversaries but of our greatest allies—the young . . . they know more what is going on than we do here—and the absence of their voices is a tragic omission."

The platitudes uttered were worth neither the near $1 million they cost nor the 5 pages of space they got in *The Nation*.

Marshall Windmiller

yellow peril

Willoughby, O.

DEAR SIRS: I register my strong disagreement with the editorial "The Negro and Vietnam" [*The Nation*, July 17] in which you belittle those who interpret the Vietnamese War as a race war.

Consider the following: (1) The French referred to the Vietnamese as *"les jaunes,"* the Americans refer to them as "the little yellow bastards" or "gooks." (2) The American scale of values—for the destruction of one rubber tree the plantation owner receives $85 compensation, for destruction of one child in an accidentally bombed friendly village the bereft parents receive $34. (3) LBJ's statement—without our military power we would be "at the mercy of every yellow dwarf with a jack knife."

It is difficult to separate colonialism and racism, but just as the Negroes constitute an internal colony here in the U.S., so in Asia Washington's colonial adventure is also a racist war.

Alan Rhodes

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Labor of Love and Learning

A SHORT HISTORY OF IRISH LITERATURE: A Backward Look. *By Frank O'Connor. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 264 pp. $5.95.*

KEVIN SULLIVAN

Mr. Sullivan is associate dean of the Graduate Faculties at Columbia University and the author of Joyce Among the Jesuits *(Columbia University Press).*

In Ireland Frank O'Connor's last book has been published under the title *The Backward Look* and carries as an unobtrusive subtitle, "A Survey of Irish Literature." The same book now appears in America as *A Short History of Irish Literature* to which is tacked on—gratuitously, it seems, but perhaps guiltily—the subtitle, "A Backward Look." I mention this not to raise a quibble against the commercial wisdom of O'Connor's American publishers but because the interchange of titles can affect the expectation of readers and the response of reviewers on either side of the Atlantic. Clearly a book calling itself a history, however short, on a subject as various, complicated and obscure as Irish literature often is, cannot be read or judged in quite the same way as a book of genial *obiter dicta* by a distinguished and charming Irish writer taking a last look backward.

There seems nothing to do in such a case but to write *two* reviews—which is what I propose to do—one of the book in its academic title and gown, the other of the same book as relaxed and learned retrospection.

The book's academic origins are in a series of lectures delivered by the author at Trinity College, Dublin, a year or so before his death on March 10, 1965. The unifying thread of those lectures was a question O'Connor had put to himself: "Is there such a thing as an Irish literature, or is it merely two unrelated subjects linked by a geographical accident?" His answer, ultimately, is affirmative: "If it is not a real subject, then all the subjects of our criticism are likewise dreams." But this is hardly a resounding affirmation. O'Connor, honestly confessing himself "confused by its vagaries as well as by my own lack of academic scholarship," knows that to prove his claim he must establish a continuity—whatever its nature—between literature written in Irish and literature, an Irish literature, written in English. No one, so far as I know, has yet succeeded in this difficult and perhaps impossible task. The best attempt so far made, and that on a limited scale, is Vivian Mercier's *The Irish Comic Tradition*. Ironically, O'Connor, while full of admiration for Mercier's scholarship, at one time dismissed his thesis as unproved and unprovable.

That irony comes home to roost when O'Connor sets himself the task of surveying the whole of Irish literature from its earliest beginnings down to the rambunctious entertainments of Brendan Behan and the girlish lubricities of Edna O'Brien. And so he can write:

> Sometimes one gets the impression that all the vital political issues of the time [the 19th century] were unimportant compared with the task of bringing the name of Cu Chulainn into English literature. This was finally achieved by a combination of great Celtic scholars and the literary genius of Yeats and his circle, and by the year 1910 it could be said that Irish literature again existed in something like the way in which it had existed about the year 800.

This brief passage illustrates the kind of thing that faults the book as literary history: personal impression, vague speculation, overextended comparison, and the blurring of distinction that allows "English literature" in the first sentence to reappear by magical sleight-of-word as "Irish literature" in the second. (We are not, of course, expected to take seriously the claims of Cu Chulainn, either as myth or history, over those of Daniel O'Connell or Charles Parnell.) What is lacking here and generally throughout the book is method, some critical consistency that will not be seduced from the task at hand, the history of a rich literature—ancient and new—by the blandishments of personal preference or indulgent supposition. O'Connor's dislike of Joyce, for example, is too well known for his devaluation of *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake* to come now as much of a surprise. But his dismissal of Maria Edgeworth's *Castle Rackrent* as "utterly didactic and censorious" is both arbitrary and unfair, though it may be no more, as I suspect, than a gentle dig at his friend Thomas Flanagan for the latter's high but just appraisal of that novel as "an almost perfect work of fiction." He seems no less casual, but much more kind, in his appraisal of men like Synge, O'Casey or Colum.

At times O'Connor is even more arbitrary in his praise than in his censure. Lady Gregory's plays have, it is true, been unjustly neglected in recent years, but I doubt that her reputation will be greatly advanced by the extravagant claim that parts of *Dervorgilla* are "as noble as anything in Irish literature," or that the climax of *The Gaol Gate* "is as great as anything in classical tragedy." This is neither criticism nor history; it is affection and loyalty, a debt lovingly paid to the memory of a redoubtable lady who helped young Michael O'Donovan find his way in the world of literature which he was to grace for more than forty years as Frank O'Connor.

If the book is not fully satisfactory as literary history, the failure can be traced to its original conception as a series of lectures. It was not thought out from the beginning as a "history." If he had lived, O'Connor would almost certainly have recast it in different form. The appendix to the present book is an example of the way in which he had already rethought his approach to and interpretation of early Irish saga, especially the *Tain Bó Cuàilnge* which had always a powerful fascination for him. He might also have imposed stricter limitations on himself and his material and not have attempted so much in so little. Even so, it is the book of a learned man and a man who loves his subject however troubled at times the marriage may seem between love and learning. "The Irish," O'Connor writes, "had the choice between imagination and intellect, and they chose imagination." Just so O'Connor: the play of his imagination through Irish literary history constantly diverts him, however engagingly, from the scholarly labors proposed but only imperfectly executed by a fine and voracious intellect.

To turn now from the book as literary history and to consider it as literary retrospection—to read it, that is, under its Irish rather than its American title—is to reduce much of what has been said here to pedantic cavil, as ungrateful as it is inaccurate. Inaccurate because under this other mode O'Connor was not writing a treatise but telling a story; ungrateful because this is a love story, the story of O'Connor's lifelong affair with language—whatever language his country spoke or wrote at whatever time in its long and troubled

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history. That the story should often be unhappy—what love story is not finally?—and angry and anguished and impatient, is perhaps inevitable. But it has also its moments of glad grace, and it is honestly and lovingly told as such a story should be.

O'Connor had always insisted that the short story, his own special métier, should retain the sound of the storyteller's voice, and in his own practice he adhered faithfully to that principle. Much of the charm of the present book comes from the sound of O'Connor's voice, the sly or humorous or affectionate tone of it when he is talking about Yeats and Lady Gregory, Stephens and Synge and Joyce and other of his near contemporaries, but hardly less so when he evokes for us the remote past of early Irish lyric and saga and those nameless men who copied down or transcribed the stories that had been preserved from still earlier times by the human voice alone.

So great is O'Connor's sympathy with the oral tradition that these voices as he distinguishes among them—as, for example, in the *Taín*—take on many of the characteristics of living men, shrouded in mist still and only half emerged into light, but distinct now one from the other, each itself and no other. There is a sense in which O'Connor himself is part of this oral tradition, and as a storyteller his insight into the problems and purposes, the partial successes and failures, of these ancient practitioners of the craft surpass anything that might be expected from scholarship alone.

As for method, the scholar's standard may be critical consistency, but the storyteller's touchstone is always "relevance." In talking about a subject that extends from the fifth century A.D. to the present, O'Connor must in the interest of economy hazard certain generalizations and conjectures without which the symmetry of the story would be spoiled. But his view of the subject remains whole, however much the literature, or literatures, may have been divided and fragmented.

He sees, for example, that the Irish success in confining and finally absorbing the Norman invasion was in the end a self-defeating, even a tragic enterprise, for it precluded the political integration of Ireland into the feudal civilization of Europe and left the country exposed to a more alien and ruthless settlement from England in the centuries that followed. And yet the shock of the Normans was enough to start Irish literature on a long and slow decline, its aristocratic traditions gradually degenerating into a folk literature of hillside, bog and cabin, until by the end of the 18th century it had virtually ceased to exist. After Cromwell and the rise of an Anglo-Irish ascendancy, all hope for that literature rapidly disappeared. For the Cromwellian subjugation of Ireland succeeded where the Normans and others had failed because, O'Connor points out, there was never a chance that the remnants of Gaeldom, Catholic and clustered about an enfeebled and futile nobility, could any longer exert that fatal Irish capacity for absorption against the anti-Catholic, anti-Royalist and middle-class *force majeure* of the new entrepreneurs.

The rest of the story, as O'Connor sees it, is the tragedy of Anglo-Ireland. But that, fortunately, is not the end of it. The storyteller himself had a part in the last chapter, and now a new chapter is in the making. A younger generation of writers has grown up in an Ireland different from that of O'Connor or of those before him—the ascendancy is gone, independence is matter-of-fact—and they are free of that compulsion to be ever looking backward. But whenever they may do so, Frank O'Connor will be part of what they see; and they will know in the work he has left behind what they have gained, and in the memory of the man himself what they have lost.

Listening to Frank O'Connor

HARRIET O'CONNOR

Mrs. O'Connor is the widow of the late Frank O'Connor. She prepared the following memoir especially for The Nation.

It was in a classroom that I first saw Frank O'Connor. A casual, part-time student, I'd decided to take his course at Harvard because of a story of his which treated with humor and urbanity problems I had never realized could be taken that way—not the best of academic reasons. It was summer and he wore a rumpled seersucker suit (which I later discovered he thought a variety of American tweed), a thick, fuzzy, blue and orange tweed tie, and a look both frightened and delighted—as though he didn't quite know what "a simple Irishman" (as he often called himself) was doing at Harvard. With one pair of horn-rimmed glasses in his hand and another pushed up on his forehead he was describing people called "P Celts" who seemed to be importantly different from other people called "C Celts." I wondered briefly what this could have to do with the course I'd enrolled in for Anglo-Irish literature and which sort of a Celt Joyce would turn out to be—but Frank O'Connor's voice was so compelling and the picture he drew of pre-Christian Ireland so fascinating I soon really began to listen.

I went on listening—with delight and increasing amazement for the next fifteen years. I listened as he talked Irish to a gardener outside Lamont, as he praised the German philologists who'd rescued early Irish sagas from oblivion, as he half-chanted, half-declaimed his translation of "The Lament For Art O'Leary, whose epitaph—"generous, handsome, brave"—delighted him by its aptness and its Irishness). I heard him describe books—often long out of print—by authors whose names were completely new to me—Father Peter O'Leary, Gerald O'Donovan, Asaneth Nicholson, Daniel Corkery. I began to learn that Irish literature is unbelievably old, fragmented and, in part, still untranslated. It was only after we were married that I discovered how much it meant to him, and how hard he worked to gain the knowledge he had.

There was, for example, his struggle to translate the Old Irish poem "The Nun of Beare." The verbal forms in this poem are exceedingly difficult, and scholars have frequently disagreed about the meaning of various words and phrases.

One line—translated by a scholar as "happily the tide returns to its fat" particularly annoyed him. " 'Happily the tide returns to its fat'—that's not poetry—it doesn't even make sense." He submitted his most ingenious solutions for final judgment to Dan Binchy, probably the greatest living expert on Old Irish Law and an authority on obscure grammatical forms. Together they'd pore over the text—often Dan would sigh, smile and say: "An absolutely brilliant guess—but I'm afraid it

EVENTS

1. Nothing was known of those events,
The unconscious appearances
Of the self. Like tracking
History on the sea's surface.

2. Facing the dark,
Fortified by bourbon,
The dreams already
In my head.

3. The paranoia
That makes him move.

HARVEY SHAPIRO

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isn't possible—that form didn't exist until a hundred years after this poem was written." But occasionally, with the true scholar's caution, he'd say: "You know, that *might* be right, and if it is . . ." and that would lead to more days of work on some other obscure line.

But this fascination with the sources of the literature he was a part of extended in every direction. I remember the hours we spent driving up unmarked, muddy boreens or tramping across soggy, furze-covered fields searching for a bit of an eighth-century high cross, or the remains of a carved chancel arch—looking for the concrete, artistic expressions of the ideas and beliefs of those early Celtic people.

I remember too a night at the YMHA in New York, when by cutting the choruses and choosing four plays that were relevant, he gave us a reading of Yeats's plays which was also the story of Yeats's life. That night he pointed toward the importance of the past for Irishmen when he said: "William Butler Yeats saw himself as a man who perhaps never lived, an ancient Irish hero called Cu Chulainn. There was another man in the same town at the same time who also saw himself as Cu Chulainn, a man named Pearse, and his dream ended one spring morning before an English firing squad. Both men knew one another, each knew the other thought that he was Cu Chulainn. The one founded a literature, the other a state."

But what, in all of this, of Frank O'Connor the short-story writer? In a way *he* was the man we Americans are most concerned about. How often we (friends, wife, editors—particularly editors) said: "Wouldn't you forget the poem, or that lecture, or the translation of the sage and write us a story?" He smiled, and went on with what he was doing, because he knew, as I had to learn, that stories did not come from the same perseverance that knowledge came from.

He said of the stories he wrote: "One writes in a sort of dream, and I can only hope that when I wake, I shall be satisfied with what I have dreamt." When he was writing a story nothing else in the world mattered. He simply wasn't there. And it was always the same when he'd finished. There they would be—the Irish characters in an Irish locale, working out their Irish problems—and this despite the fact that many of them were written while we were living in Brooklyn Heights and about people we knew in America. He explained it once: "I think of characters in terms of the way they talk . . . my memory is always empty of physical details—the color of someone's eyes and hair, or the sort of clothes they wore—but it is always full of voices. . . . The voices tell me how the characters think—if I tried to write as Americans talk I'd not only get the cadences wrong—I'd get the characters wrong as well." Thus my cousin's wife, who told him the story of "The Man of the World" becomes, in that story, a little boy from the lanes of Cork. And in the story which he wrote to tease me —"Expectation of Life"—I become "Sheila Hennessey, the daughter of a small builder in Cork."

Because Frank O'Connor was so passionately interested in people ("In this world," he told me, "people are all that matters") his characters could be, and often are, you or me. But he believed that "people" have ultimately to be "somebody in particular" and that the best way to be somebody in particular is to know who you are and all you can about the tradition that has shaped you. I think this is why he spent so much time looking backward. He wanted to find the pattern—to understand as well as he could the past which produced him and the people he knew, loved and wrote about. I believe the search enriched every word he ever wrote.

Swift Conviviality

VIVIAN MERCIER

Mr. Mercier is a member of the English Department at the University of Colorado. He is the author of The Irish Comic Tradition *(Oxford).*

Long before Ireland began to realize that tourism was potentially one of its greatest industries, Irish hospitality had become proverbial throughout the English-speaking world. The nearly eighty delegates to the Swift Tercentenary Symposium who converged on Dublin last spring must have carried home with them as a dominant impression the extraordinarily lavish and imaginative hospitality provided for them by the Irish Government, Dublin's two great universities, and most of the leading cultural institutions of the capital of the Irish Republic.

Even nature was in a hospitable mood: incredibly, not a drop of rain fell in Dublin during the festivities of April 25-29. The many trees along the streets were already in full leaf and loud with the song of blackbirds at dawn for the benefit of light sleepers or late roisterers. Tulips of all colors blazed against the emerald of the lawns in Trinity College and St. Stephen's Green, while the main streets and O'Connell Bridge were vivid with wallflowers and tulips, placed there in urns by courtesy of the city government.

The bulk of the delegates, naturally, came from American and British universities, but there were sizable contingents from France and Canada, a fine showing from Belgium, ones and twos from New Zealand, West Germany, Austria, Sweden, Switzerland, Finland, and delegates from Budapest and Leningrad.

In many ways the symposium could be viewed as an ecumenical occasion. Conspicuous at most of the ceremonies were the Very Rev. J. W. Armstrong, Swift's current successor as dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral (Church of Ireland, i.e., Anglican), and a brown-habited Capuchin, Rev. T. M. Crowley, representing the Catholic University of Louvain. The two universities in Dublin, Trinity College (as the one-college University of Dublin is familiarly known) and University College (part of the National University of Ireland)—the former traditionally Protestant and the

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latter traditionally Catholic—had cooperated in sponsoring the symposium.

Almost certainly because of this, Donagh O'Malley, the dynamic Irish Minister for Education, chose the week before the symposium to announce his plans for amalgamating the two institutions into a greater University of Dublin, no part of which could be subject to the ban of the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. The conversation at the American Embassy cocktail party, which unofficially launched the celebrations, dwelt obsessively on the so-called "shotgun wedding" of the two institutions.

The official celebrations began in the Public Theatre of Trinity College, under a lofty ceiling enlivened by some of the magnificent plaster basreliefs for which 18th-century Dublin architecture is renowned. The walls are lined by larger-than-life oil paintings of alumni, including Swift.

The President of Ireland, Eamon de Valera, now in his 85th year and almost blind, but still an erect, imposing figure, made a brief speech that was not entirely ecumenical in spirit. Having mentioned his first acquaintance with the name of Swift in County Limerick folk tales about the dean and his servant Roger, the President went on to describe Swift as a religious bigot, but applauded his Irish patriotism. The provost of Trinity, Dr. A. J. McConnell, and the president of University College, Dublin, Dr. Jeremiah J. Hogan, formerly professor of English at U.C.D., followed with brief speeches. Then the retiring professor of English at University College, London, James Sutherland, delivered a paper planned but left incomplete by his late friend Prof. Herbert Davis, former president of Smith College and editor of *The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift,* who had died some four weeks earlier.

The same evening Trinity entertained the delegates, President de Valera, Prime Minister Jack Lynch, and other dignitaries at a banquet in the dining hall. This excellent meal was accompanied by some of the fine wines (notably the claret, Ch. Léoville-Barton, 1953) that have made the college cellars justly famous—and doubtless envied by U.C.D. Toasts were drunk to "the President of Ireland" and "the guests," and a telegram from Russia, praising Swift's championship of the common people of Ireland, was read, but speeches were omitted in favor of conversation, which reached a high pitch of liveliness after the cognac and port had circulated. The traditional sonorous Latin graces, recited by members of the Trinity classics department, opened and closed the proceedings.

Next day, the scholarly papers began in earnest. Prof. Irvin Ehrenpreis of the University of Virginia was prevented from reading his paper on Swift's politics by a family misfortune as tragic as the untimely death of Professor Davis, but it was ably read for him by Prof. Oliver Ferguson of Duke University. This, like the other papers on the first two mornings, was given in the room of the Trinity Graduates' Memorial Building used by the College Historical Society (founded by Edmund Burke) for its debates. My own paper, "Swift's Humour," followed that of Professor Ehrenpreis.

At 5 P.M. the same day, the Minister for Finance opened "Swift and His Age: A Tercentenary Exhibition" at the National Gallery of Ireland. Thanks to the generous terms of Bernard Shaw's will, the gallery is being doubled in size.

That night the unwearied delegates were entertained at a reception given by Frank Aiken, Minister for External Affairs, in the State Apartments of Dublin Castle, once the Kremlin of British rule in Ireland, whose walls are still lined with the portraits of British generals and administrators. Beneath them paraded some of modern Ireland's most celebrated faces, including the actors Micheál MacLiammóir (*The Importance of Being Oscar*) and Hilton Edwards, who recently directed *Philadelphia, Here I Come* on Broadway. A concert of the music of Swift's Dublin, destined for Irish television, followed the reception, but I evaded it on the ground that Swift hated music.

On Thursday morning Prof. Louis Landa of Princeton and Prof. Ricardo Quintana of Wisconsin, the dean of Swift studies in the United States, read their papers dealing with Swift's churchmanship and the satiric intent and execution of *Gulliver's Travels,* respectively. The afternoon was filled by a visit to the home of Vanessa (Esther Van Homrigh) at Celbridge, outside Dublin, where the delegates viewed an exhibit and heard a lecture by the Hon. Desmond Guinness.

In the evening we attended a new play at the rebuilt Abbey Theatre, *Dearly Beloved Roger* by John O'Donovan, author also of *Shaw and the Charlatan Genius.* This was a highly professional production, brilliantly directed by Edward Golden, who plays Martin Cunningham in the film of *Ulysses.* Joe Lynch, the versatile actor who plays Blazes Boylan in *Ulysses,* not only gave an insight into the complexity of Swift but managed to resemble closely the Bindon portraits of the dean. O'Donovan's play was a pageant of Swift's life, interspersed with dramatic readings of much of his verse and some of his prose. The delegates on the whole seemed rather hostile to its adoption of dubious theories about Swift's relationships (in every sense of the word)

DRIVING THROUGH MINNESOTA DURING THE HANOI BOMBINGS

We drive between lakes just turning green;
Late June. The white turkeys have been moved
To new grass.
How long the seconds are in great pain!
Terror just before death,
Shoulders torn, shot
From helicopters, the boy
Tortured with the telephone generator,
"I felt sorry for him,
And blew his head off with a shotgun."
These instants become crystals,
Particles
The grass cannot dissolve. Our own gaiety
Will end up
In Asia, and in your cup you will look down
And see
Black Starfighters.
We were the ones we intended to bomb!
Therefore we will have
To go far away
To atone
For the sufferings of the stringy-chested
And the small rice-fed ones, quivering
In the helicopter like wild animals,
Shot in the chest, taken back to be questioned.

ROBERT BLY

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with Stella and Vanessa. In the theatre bar after the play, O'Donovan gave us a little lecture in the form of an apology. If his theories required an apology, his ingenious, rather Brechtian entertainment did not.

On the last morning we all congregated in St. Patrick's Cathedral to hear two papers delivered from the pulpit. The first, "The Age of Swift in Ireland," was read by J. G. Simms, historian brother of the Anglican Archbishop of Dublin. After a coffee break in Swift's deanery, we returned to the Cathedral for Bach and Handel selections by the boy choristers.

Then came what was for me the most surreal moment of a surreal week: Austin Clarke, Ireland's greatest living poet, a Catholic by birth and upbringing though strongly anti-clerical, and a worthy successor of Swift in his topical satiric verse, mounted to this Protestant pulpit to deliver a paper on "Swift as a Poet" that pulled few punches about the harshness or obscenity of much of the dean's verse.

We adjourned next to St. Patrick's Hospital, the first mental hospital in Ireland (founded by Swift's legacy) for sherry and a banquet lunch. Austin Clarke recently published his greatest long poem, "Mnemosyne Lay in Dust," which by coincidence deals with the year he spent in St. Patrick's as a patient at the end of World War I. Over a glass of sherry he freely discussed his experiences there.

This extraordinary day reached its climax in the afternoon with an address by Dr. Norman Moore, for twenty years the enlightened master of the hospital, who has fallen completely under the spell of Swift. He gave us a brief history of St. Patrick's and went on to deny that Swift was ever mad, except in the sense that his brain was severely damaged by a stroke at the age of 75. Swift may have had a lifelong fear of insanity, said Dr. Moore, but, if so, he put it to good use by the terms of his will, thus exemplifying the aim of modern psychiatry, "the transmutation of a destructive force into a creative act."

Next came cocktails and champagne at the French Embassy. Oblivious of any need for dinner, many of us went straight from the Embassy to the farewell reception given by U.C.D. in New House, 86 St. Stephen's Green, formerly the residence of that 18th-century Dublin rake "Buck" Whaley. The marvelous rococo plaster reliefs in the reception rooms, along the staircase and over the ceilings provided a gracefully classic contrast to the business suits of the men and the "mod" styles of the younger women. Chief Justice Carroll O'Daly, the tireless chairman of the Symposium Committee, rendered thanks to all his aides, and especially to the unflappable secretary, Dr. Maurice Harmon of U.C.D., and to Miss Matthews of Trinity. He gave special thanks also to Prof. Philip Edward of the University of Essex (formerly of Trinity) and Prof. Roger McHugh of U.C.D., as well as to Mrs. Sybil Le Brocquy, a Dublin hostess and amateur Swift scholar who had first conceived the celebration. Prof. James Sutherland added his thanks on behalf of the delegates.

Next day the delegates piled into buses and were driven along the coast south of Dublin, past Joyce's Martello tower and via the Vico Road to Loughlinstown House, one of the homes of the Irish-Australian millionaire, William Galvin. The printed menu for our alfresco lunch under the trees there ran to 8 pages of 18th-century prose and verse, including the verse recipe for one of the dishes, "Mr. Gay's Knuckle," addressed by the poet John Gay to Swift: it proved to be a sort of veal goulash. Most of the guests preferred venison, lamb, rabbit, lobster or salmon, washed down by white or red Burgundy and, as the menu spelled it, "champaign." The well-designed menu bore the imprint of the Dolmen Press, headed by Liam Miller, Dublin's most enterprising printer and publisher. Dolmen, in association with the Oxford University Press and Dufour Editions, will issue the symposium papers and other Swift studies in the fall under the title *Jonathan Swift: A Dublin Tercentenary Tribute.*

As I left the Irish International Airlines plane at Chicago and said goodby to Ireland, I echoed fervently the familiar Gaelic lines translated by Frank O'Connor:

The sudent's life is pleasant,
And pleasant is his labour . . . .

Tall-Tale Americana

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

The Collected Poems of Rolfe Humphries *was published in 1965 by Indiana University Press. Mr. Humphries is retired from the faculty of Amherst College and now lives in California.*

Alfred Henry Lewis (1859-1914) wrote approximately twenty books, sometimes as many as three appearing in a single year. His production was mainly fiction, and the fiction mainly short stories. The *Wolfville* chronicles were his best-known works, though, sadly, they are almost unknown to the present generation of readers. He wrote at least one novel, *The President* (1904); he also wrote biographies. He seems to have been drawn to reprobates, or at least to characters whose probity was unconventional; we find him dealing with Andy Jackson, Aaron Burr, the Tammany boss Richard Croker. He was interested enough to supply an introduction to John Doyle Lee's account of the confessions of his days as the (allegedly) official assassin of the Mormon Church under Brigham Young. Other titles include *Confessions of a Detective, The Apaches of New York, Nation-famous New York Murders.* But his reputation in his day was based most solidly on the *Wolfville* yarns, and it is on these that his fame must rest.

There might, however, be time and space for a quick glance at some of the biographical writing. Lewis' first volume was *Richard Croker* (Life Publishing Co., 1901). This was his third book, following *Wolfville*, and *Sandburrs*, which appeared, respectively, in 1897 and 1900. As biography, this is a

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curious performance indeed; of its 372 pages, not over a third say anything whatever about Croker; Lewis digresses all over the place, with general opinions on politics, his philosophies (often enough conflicting) of life, sketches of Aaron Burr, later the subject of another volume, Grover Cleveland, William McKinley, Arthur Pue Gorman, David B. Hill. He warns us in his first chapter that he will behave in this way, and his final sentence proclaims no regret: "I have had, on subjects, various and several, the unpent pleasure of saying what I thought and why I thought it." What he thought is not entirely consistent: he professed admiration for Burr as against Hamilton, for Democrats as against Republicans, for Tammany Hall as against goo-goos, for democracy as against plutocracy, for the Old South as against New York, and for the Far West as against the effete East. In general, his political ideas are a curious anticipation of the kind of stuff Shaw wrote many years later, in the text and preface of *Geneva*. The style is highly idiosyncratic; one of his favorite words, apparently, was the preposition *of*, which he employs as a synonym, almost, of *to, for, by, with*, and there is an elaborate florid quality to much that he puts down. Yet he can be devastatingly direct and forthright:

> Jones of Nevada once told that of all whom he had met in high places Cleveland was mentally the most abundantly dark. When he came to be President, he had not read the Constitution of the country.

Again, on Cleveland:

> He had no mental finenesses; no taste for art nor music. He knew no pleasant difference between a Murillo and a three-sheet poster. He would have had no preference for one of Schubert's serenades over *The Arkansaw Traveler*. He would rather talk than read, eat than talk, fish than eat, drink than fish.

Or on McKinley:

> McKinley is the middle size of man. He is passive; he is acted upon and does not act. He is prudent of himself; nor over-sensitive. He strikes poses and becomes a picture. He shrinks from the new. He sees nothing that has not been seen, hears nothing that has not been heard, finds nothing that has not been found, says nothing that has not been said, thinks nothing that has not been thought, knows nothing that has not been known, does nothing that has not been done, and would neither eat nor breathe were there not precedent for each. He is a peg of a President on which Money hangs its hat as it sits down to the conduct of government—a snubbing post to which all craft, pirate and merchantman, tie up alike. Is he honest? —yes.

The last of the biographies written by Lewis, *An American Patrician, the Story of Aaron Burr*, appeared in 1908. The style is florid indeed, with a great deal of imagined dialogue, few dates, almost no documentation, though some of the letters are no doubt authentic; I am not historian enough to know. I do not think any man could truthfully call this work judiciously objective; there is little doubt that the sympathies of the author lie with Burr, not only as against Hamilton but also against Washington; no question whatever but that Burr is the hero, though *patrician* seems strange terminology to apply to the son of a preacher, to the eventual first leader of Tammany Hall. For all its extravagance, the text, especially the dialogue, does have a sense of character, of dramatic tension; one wonders whether Lewis himself might not have had the stage in mind in some scenes, for example, of verbal fencing between Burr, Washington, Israel Putnam. To sum up: for the researcher in American Studies, the political writing of Lewis would afford, I surmise, a wealth of material, raw ore, a crude but fascinating combination of post-Populist, Bullmoose-progressive, and proto-Fascist elements.

His first book, *Wolfville*, was published by Stokes in 1897 and went into at least fourteen printings. The author presents the doings of this Arizona *polis* as they are recalled and recounted by the Old Cattleman, septuagenarian, bachelor, now retired, living comfortably, with some personal attendants, we are not told exactly where in the East or South, some place like Saratoga or White Sulphur Springs, comfortable, not too fashionably gaudy, with wide verandas and spacious private cottages. We very soon come to know Wolfville's leading citizens, Sam Enright, *alcalde*; Jack Moore, kettle tender to the Stranglers; Doc Peets, the most educated sharp in Arizona; Cherokee Hall, who presides over the games of chance; Texas Thompson, whose wife sold up his cattle at public vendue for her alimony; Dan Boggs; Dave Tutt; Col. William Greene Sterret, editor and publisher of the *Wolfville Daily Coyote*, is introduced in a later volume. High in the councils also are a few estimable females; Faro Nell, who serves as lookout for Cherokee Hall; Tucson Jennie, spouse of Dave Tutt; Mrs. Rucker, who operates the O. K. Restaurant, henpecking her spouse, that most surly Boniface, into taking refuge among the Indians. There are also lesser characters in permanent residence (if any residence, where there is so much gunplay, can be called permanent)—Old Monte, who drives the stage; Huggins, his closest rival as a drunkard; Black Jack, who tends bar in the Red Light Saloon; Hamilton, who runs the Dance Hall. There are many transients, the Stinging Lizard, Jaybird Bob, Pinon Bill, Crawfish Jim, The Man from Red Dog, The Man from Yellowhouse, as well as miners, cowboys, et al., so listed on the playbill of the Broad Street Theatre production written by Clyde Fitch and Willis Steele and presented in October of 1905.

In *Sandburrs*, published in 1900 by Stokes, with George Luks as one of the illustrators, Lewis has broadened his field to include the New York underworld; some of the stories are told straight, some, the more preposterous, are ascribed to the Office Boy; some,

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mainly those from the *Annals of the Bend*, are recounted by one Chucky in a dreadful dese-and-dose patois. The Old Cattleman has the floor on other occasions in this volume, as the Wolfville stories continue; these are far and away the best narratives, though Lewis tried once more, in the *Black Lion Inn* stories (published by Russell in 1903), to provide his best narrator with some competition from fellow guests at that snow-bound hostel, The Jolly Doctor, the Red-Nosed Gentleman, The Sour Gentleman and Sioux Sam; again The Old Cattleman wins hands down. Some of the tales in this collection may have been leftovers from *Wolfville Days* and *Wolfville Nights*, published, by both Stokes and Grosset and Dunlap, in the same year, 1902.

These stories assay a high percentage of violence; some of the humor depends on crude, if not cruel, practical joking; killing by gunfire, and lynching by the rope, are commonplaces of existence, or the termination thereof. Yet, so the Old Cattleman insists, Wolfville, compared with an Eastern metropolis, is a model of serene and lawful composure, and for this point of view there is something to be said.

The Frontier is not exactly the gentlest of places. Wolfville is xenophobe, but whether the phrase *fear of the stranger* is to be construed as containing an objective or a subjective genitive depends a good deal on who is the *xenos*, the white man, or the Mexican or the Indian. Which is the racial minority? Here the Negro, except the Buffalo soldier who may have deserted from the U.S. Cavalry, is virtually unknown; the Chinese is regarded with both affection and disdain as a worthy but inconsequential menial; the Indian and the Mexican are low-down, dangerous, untrustworthy varmints, whose speedy extermination is looked upon as more than a desideratum. Yet there is a good deal of ambivalence in the Old Cattleman's attitude here, for in almost every story in which Indian or Mexican figures as the principal actor, he is presented as a personage of dignity, bravery, high honor according to his code (which differs, to be sure, from the white man's) of gentleness, wisdom, humor.

An occasional coward crops up, but Wolfville is not a locale where the cult of the anti-hero is rife. The virtues are those of the epic; first and foremost, physical courage. And what else? Teaching the *Iliad* to college freshmen taking required humanities courses, I have found them pathetically at a loss when I ask this question. "Pride?," some bolder spirit will suggest, with interrogative diffidence. (This usually begets a digression into the difference between pride and arrogance, or an attempt to define what is meant by conceit.) And—? (Silence.) Thrift? A desire for security? Altruism? (Embarrassed dead end.) I give up, and tell them the answers, though my statements still take the form of questions, now rhetorical—what about courtesy? generosity? hospitality? absolute inviolability of an honor code? humor? (Sir, is humor heroic?), magnanimity (as distinguished from *Forgive your enemies*, or *Turn the other cheek*), zest, gusto, delight in living? That blessed infant, Enright Peets Tutt, at the age of 8, would have less trouble with such queries; Enright would know. He'd know better.

"To judge a poem or piece of prose," wrote Robert Frost in the days of his gathering power and confidence, "you go the same way to work—apply the one test—greatest test. You listen for the sentence sounds. If you find some of those not bookish, caught fresh from the mouths of people, some of them striking, all of them definite and recognizable, so recognizable that with a little trouble you can place them and even name them, you know you have found a writer." Exactly. Or, as almost any Wolfville citizen would put it, "That's whatever!" But this does not mean that the sentence has to be sub-Wordsworthian in tone, or in some of Frost's own muted and suggestive cadences. No; there is a place also for the gorgeous, the hyperbolic, the rhetoric of "Look, the morn in russet mantle clad," of "the multitudinous seas incarnadine," where *true to life* does not mean stenographic accuracy of transcript, but where faith is kept with life in the sense of liveliness, *élan*, panache, vigor, gusto, zest, vitality. It is by this above all that you know you have found a writer when you have found Lewis. Take, for example, some lines from the story about "The Dismissal of Silver Phil," in *Wolfville Nights*. This felon, by some extraordinary perversion of Arizona justice, has actually been tried by a jury.

> Dooms slow an' shiftless as they shore be, at the wind-up Silver Phil's found guilty, an' is put in nom'nation by the presidin' alcalde to be hanged; the time bein' set in a crazy-hoss fashion for a month away. As Silver Phil—which he's that bad an' hard he comes mighty clost to bein' game—is leavin' the co't-room with the marshal who's ridin' herd on him, he says:
>
> "I ain't payin' much attention at the time,"—Silver Phil's talkin' to that marshal gent,—"bein' I'm thinkin' of something else, but do I onderstand that old grey sport on the bench to say you-all is to hang me next month?"
>
> "That's whatever!" assents this marshal gent, "an' you can gamble a bloo stack that hangin' you is a bet we ain't none likely to overlook. Which we're out to put our whole grateful souls into the dooty."
>
> "Now I thinks of it," observes Silver Phil, "I'm some averse to bein' hanged. I reckons, speakin' free an' free as between fellow sports, that in order for that execootion to be a blindin' success I'll have to be thar personal?"
>
> "It's one of the mighty few o'casions," responds the marshal, "when

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your absence would surely dash an' damp the general joy. As you says, you'll have to be thar a heap personal when said hangin' occurs."

"I'm mighty sorry," says Silver Phil, "that you-all lays out your game in a fashion that so much depends on me. The more so, since the longer I considers this racket, the less likely it is I'll be thar. It's almost a cinch, with the plans I has, that I'll shore be some-ers else."

Or hear the Old Cattleman talking about Huggins, who fomented the great Wolfville strike of the printers against Col. William Greene Sterret's *Daily Coyote* (*Wolfville Days*)—

But speakin' of this Huggins party, I never likes him. Aside from his bein' mostly drunk, which, no matter what some may say or think, I holds impairs a gent's valyoo as a social factor, Huggins is avaricious an' dotes on money to the p'int of bein' sordid. He'd gloat over a dollar like it was a charlotte roose, Huggins would. So, as I says, I ain't fond of Huggins, an' takes no more pleasure of his company than if he's a wet dog. Still, thar's sech a thing as dooty; so when Huggins comes wanderin' wild-eyed into the Red Light about first drink time one evenin', an confides to me in a whisper that thar's a jack rabbit outside which has sworn to take his life, an' is right then bushwhackin' about the door waitin' to execoote the threat, I calls Doc Peets, an' aids in tyin' Huggins down so that his visions can be met an' coped with medical.

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Or Sam Enright rebuking Boggs for his impulsive qualities:

"Dan," says Enright, "when I reflects on the hole we drug you out of, an' the way you-all gets in, you reminds me of that Thomas Benton dog I owns when I'm a yoothful child on the Cumberland. Which Thomas Benton that a-away is a mighty industrious dog and would turn over a quarter-section of land any afternoon diggin' out a ground-hawg. But thar's this drawback to Thomas Benton which impairs his market valyoo. Some folks used to regyard it as a foible; but it's worse, it's a deefect. As I remarks, this Thomas Benton dog would throw his whole soul into the work, an' dig for a ground-hawg like he ain't got another dollar. But thar's this pecooliarity: After that Thomas Benton dog has done dug out the ground-hawg for a couple of hours, you all is forced to get a spade an' dig out that Thomas Benton dog. He's dead now these yere forty years, but if he's livin' I'd shore change his name an' rebrand him 'Dan'l Boggs.'"

The same method can be used more aphoristically; Col. William Greene Sterret remarks of his brother Jeff: "Jeff's reedic'lous fond of fishin'; which he'd sooner fish than read *Paradise Lost*." And of his grandfather, who liked his liquor more than somewhat: "I can remember how on them impressif occasions, I would stand an' look at him. I'd think to myse'f—I was mebby eight at the time—'He's ondoubted the greatest man on earth, but my! how blurred he is!'" Dan Boggs has comment, along somewhat similar lines, of his father's demeanor in the War between the States:

My old pap is a colonel with Gen'ral Price, an' on this evenin' is engaged in leadin' one of the most intrepid retreats of the war. As he's prancin' along at the head of his men where a great commander belongs, he's shore scandalized by hearin' his r'ar gyard firin' on the Yanks. So he rides back, my old pap does, an' he says: "Yere, you-all eediots! Whatever do you mean by shootin' at them Yankees? Don't you know it only makes 'em madder?"

How good is the Lewis ear? This is hard to say; the foregoing should certainly have established something about his imaginative use of rhetoric, and it is possible that a trained phonetician could form deductions as to the accuracy of the dialect. I note a tendency for some consonants to be dropped, for some vowels to be lengthened, but this may be simply a concession to the convention of the time, when a phonetic spelling, and a solecistic grammar, were regyarded as mighty yoomerous; Mark Twain, at times; Mr. Dooley; Bre'r Remus—to say nothing of a host of lesser men—illustrate the point. This does bother the reader somewhat, so that he delays over words rather than goes along with the flow, the run, of the sentences; it is easy to miss the splendors of the epithet if you have to say a word out loud to yourself before you can sense what it means.

I might point out that the vocabulary has tremendous range, somewhat at the risk of inconsistency; for Dan Boggs, who can neither read nor write, makes use of the same vocabulary, grammar, sentence structure, as does Doc Peets, the most eddicated sharp in Arizona. Natural enough, I suppose, since all the narration comes to us through the Old Cattleman, sometimes at third, or even fourth, remove; quotes within quotes within quotes are not at all uncommon. It makes us listen for the sentence sounds, not isolated, but in the narrative context, with the yarn spinners digressing, as yarn spinners do, and telling stories within stories within stories. The same treatment, without the phonetic aspects, exists in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid and, for that matter, the *Iliad* of Homer. Also, probably, if the whole truth were known, in literature as much prior to Homer as Homer is to us.

In *Wolfville Folks*, which appeared with the imprint of D. Appleton & Co., in 1908, Lewis varies his method slightly; chapter and yarn no longer correspond exactly, but one tale will run through two or three chapters, the culminating incident, usually, to illustrate some prior discussion or philosophical argument among the leading citizens. Some of the stories are retold from earlier versions, and improved; on the other hand, there begins to be a considerable amount of self-repetition, the bold similies become clichés, the blind dog gropes too often in the meat shop, the pan of milk comes fluttering too many times from the top shelf, Texas Thompson insists too many times on the injustices perpetrated by that divorced helpmeet of his in Laredo, Boggs overasserts the sagacity of Doc Peets.

Lewis' great achievement—in my own opinion, a much more substantial contribution than that of Bret Harte—is that he has created, with no tremendous strain on our willing suspension of disbelief, a town, its people, their language, larger than life, to be sure, but hardy, vigorous and delightful. Poetic, also, if one accepts the definition of poetry as being memorable speech; these cadences lend themselves very readily to ear and voice. Which my

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brother and I to this day converse in Wolfvillese on mighty slight provocation, and have done so, off and on, for close to five decades. Let me suggest, by way of close, that some publisher might do very much worse than reissue at least some of the Wolfville yarns, a selection as viable as anything we have in the area of tall-tale Americana; and that, likewise, such establishments as care for the spoken word, perpetuate, on disk or tape, before it is too late, the voice of the Old Cattleman.

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

The lessons to be learned from the Hamburg State Opera's performances at the Metropolitan Opera House during the Lincoln Center Festival '67 are those of repertory and discipline rather than of conception or execution. For the repertorial choices were obvious under the circumstances: three core classics of the 20th-century literature (Berg's *Lulu*, Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*, Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*), two works of particular relevance to a German company (Janacek's *Jenufa*, a classic in German-speaking countries, and *Jacobovsky and the Colonel*, a recent work by the young German composer Giselher Klebe) and an American opera originally commissioned and performed by the company (Gunther Schuller's *The Visitation*). The point is that such programing need never in itself be "imaginative"; all that is required is a minimal awareness of the appropriate literature (and the awareness of Rolf Liebermann, a sophisticated composer who is the director of the company, is considerably beyond such trivial boundaries). It is certain that no major opera company in the world would have missed the extraordinary opportunity to give first New York performances of *Lulu* and *Mathis*, to one-up the Metropolitan's notorious single production of *The Rake*, or—perhaps the greatest gamesmanship of all—to give the local (and American) première of a work by one of our own most prestigious advanced composers.

All this could have been noted immediately upon the announcement of the repertory. But the real irony of the affair was that in every production I attended (all but *Jenufa* and *Jacobovsky*), it was obvious that the Metropolitan's own company could have presented considerably superior performances of these very works, that, in fact, the ability of the Hamburg company to perform them had nothing to do with any notable artistic capacity but merely demonstrated that a reasonably professional company, of even such minimal resources by comparison with those of the Metropolitan megalith, could do so simply by an act of decision and discipline.

In particular, neither the little theatre-pit orchestra imported with the company, nor its conductor, Leopold Ludwig, was more adequate to the demands of the scores than any other routine German opera-house ensemble; which is to say, quite inadequate to reproduce more than a skeletal semblance even of the surface involved, with no hint of the sonic depths of any of the nuances, and with an amount of sloppy playing (more in attack, rhythm and tone quality than in actual "pitch") that would not be tolerated by most professional American orchestras. The comparisons that one was constantly impelled to make with the extraordinary performance last season by the Metropolitan's own orchestra, under Karl Böhm, of a work of comparable difficulty, Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, were truly disheartening. Even in the musically best of the Hamburg performances, *The Rake*, there was a notable raggedness of ensemble, deadness of sonority and—perhaps revealing as sources of the foregoing—an incompetence of solo playing that seemed particularly forlorn under the officially conspicuous circumstances and in the grandiose surroundings.

Paradoxically, another effect of the Hamburg performances was to vindicate, in some respects, the Metropolitan's own attitude toward the performance of such literature. For both the economics and the environmental character of the new house—like those of the old—are inescapably bound to maximally lavish productions of maximally popular works. The costs of producing any opera in the house on an appropriate scale are such that every performance must be a sellout, and the capacity of the new premises makes this requirement virtually one of mass-media appeal. The fact that even the first performances of even the certified masterpieces in the Hamburg series drew no more than a 61 per cent paid attendance (according to a normally reliable source) is a powerful counter-argument to those who would recast the Metropolitan into a responsible cultural institution.

Whether or not it is a major sociocultural pity that such a house was built with public funds in the first place—and the domination of large-scale American operatic performance by a company with the Metropolitan's attitudes thereby assured—this is nonetheless the actual situation; and no virtuous intentions will make it any the less incongruous to subject delicate and intricate works to an arena whose dedication to cultural Populism is depressingly evident in every physical detail. I, for one, will no longer feel compelled to demand reform from the Metropolitan.

Other aspects of the Hamburg performances were interesting in these multiple respects as well. Thus, the small scale of both the sights and sounds of all the productions (reflecting not only limitations of performances but also the size of the house for which they were designed) was devastating visually but surprisingly less so vocally, even though some of the voices were of almost suboperatic proportions. This may be partly due to the undeniably superior (though highly variable) acoustics of the hall; but it also indicates that judicious vocal-instrumental balance and, especially, accurate pitch production is more important for generating audibility and intelligibility than the usual reliance on vocal volume and mannerism. And in general, it was quite true that the singing of the

THOSE SUMMER GUESTS

Those summer guests that sat in chairs
Upon the lawn have left.
That hump of land across the lake—
It's here but not much else.
The picnic tables, mossy stools
Where girls arrayed in white
Flattered away an evening of the moon—
The stranded and phlegmatic rock—
My comic opera's done
And I myself am one who sits
In a boat choked red with leaves.
An oarlock's gone. I can't row out
To drown my amour propre
In the full muster of the year's big rout.
'My joys were false and my chagrins the truth.'

JEAN GARRIGUE

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Hamburg company was far more disciplined and at least literally accurate than is usually the case in local operatic performances; moreover, this discipline extended to some of the operatic acting, normally a rather marginal activity. As a result, a quite few distinguished realizations of individual roles emerged in several of the operas. And, significantly, some of these were by young American singers "expatriated" to European companies by the Metropolitan's cannibalistic "star" system.

But again, even though the stage discipline tended to be high, its execution was often rather routine, and overall it gave signs of no remarkable directorial concepts. The Schuller *Visitation* suffered most cruelly from Gunther Rennert's unimaginative eclecticism, borrowing clichés from old American-scene movies of the thirties and from routine melodramatic theatre just where originality of conception, projection and—especially—timing were most crucially needed. The production of *Lulu*, marred by the far more fundamental disabilities noted below, was also so perfunctory in its casual one-set amalgam of circus-ring and bourgeois apartment, and its unkeyed direction of movement, that it succeeded in projecting the Berg-Wedekind high Expressionistic verbal, dramatic and musical continuity into a soap-operatic nonchalance. Even *The Rake's Progress*, the most relevant and integral production (directed by Gian-Carlo Menotti), suffered from incessant "business" hostile to the self-contained efficiency of the textual-musical conjunction, and adding the distraction of a broad visual gag just in time to obscure a musical-verbal one of much more elevated wit, or frantic side-show activity just when concentration on words and music was most appropriate.

As far as the individual productions are concerned, space precludes more than an encapsulated summary of some notable features.

Mathis der Maler: Although perhaps it is ultimately a victim of Hindemith's characteristic substitution of musical and dramatic earnestness and external "significance" for genuine music-dramatic ideas, with its consequent "talky" neutrality and static solemnity, *Mathis* nevertheless has an impressive total integrity and seriousness that could scarcely survive the irresponsible elision, in the present production, of a major portion of the work, colorless orchestral sonority, and the generally undistinguished vocalism and direction.

The Rake's Progress: This was the most distinguished of the Hamburg performances. In particular, Loren Driscoll was as musically and dramatically accomplished a Tom as he appeared to be on the recent Columbia recording, Tatiana Troyanos was a remarkable Baba, and Arlene Saunders was an accurate and delicate Ann, though her inflective range was rather small. The principal vocal difficulty was Tom Krause's Shadow, whose pitch uncertainty and verbal obscurity were in contrast even to the peripheral roles.

Lulu: The serious misrepresentation of this work in its first New York performance was an act of regrettable irresponsibility on the part of the Hamburg company. For now that the existence of a virtually complete and easily realizable third act for *Lulu* (left unfinished by Berg) has been made public by George Perle and others, it was astonishing to find the Hamburg Opera still offering the absurd "expedient" of an orchestral movement interspersed with vocal fragments (an absurdity heightened by slides with verbal legends summarizing the plot). Even more inexplicable was the absence of any indication in the program or on stage that this was anything but a complete performance, or even that the work was not intended by Berg for performance precisely in this way—which could only indicate to an uninformed audience that Berg's superb dramatic capacities, evident everywhere in the first two acts, had suddenly disappeared for the conclusion. Almost as irresponsible was the substitution of a series of silly (and devastatingly continuity-breaking) slides and titles in the second act for the film explicitly required and described in minuscule detail in the score. In other respects, the performance suffered more than others from the general orchestral and conductorial shortcomings, but the vocal performances, including those of the most minor roles, were surprisingly adequate even where Berg's procedure of "simultaneous characterization" of a multiplicity of parts presented the most formidable problems. The intense, wholly physical imagery of the opera required more maturity and subtlety than Anneliese Rothenberg's excessively kittenish Lulu conveyed, but her representation of the vocal line was otherwise quite competent.

The Visitation: A new work of major proportions and implications, *The Visitation will require far more than this* manifestly tentative first production to be adequately perceived. At first encounter, it appears to be an extraordinary attempt at a synthesis of several of the significant 20th-century confluences of music and theatre—of the American "operatic" social *verismo* of works like the Weill-Rice *Street Scene*, and the popular-music into serious-theatre manner of the earlier Brecht-Weill works and *Porgy and Bess*, with the syntax and surface of works like Berg's *Wozzeck*. This intention is signaled by the libretto, a realization of Kafka's *The Trial* in terms of American Negro repression; and the *Wozzeck* parallel is evident both in the "character-and-situation sketch" aspect of the scenes of the first act, and in specific details of musical gesture from the figurational level to the darkened-stage orchestral interlude just before the banal music-accompanied final scene (a children's song in *Wozzeck*, a New Orleans street funeral dirge in *The Visitation*). Indeed, this latter conjunction seems almost an explicit allusion, as well as an ingenious climactic clue to the "hidden" signification of the drama.

The principal apparent obstacles in the work itself to the realization of this extraordinary idea were some verbal infelicities in the text, as well as the fragmentary character of some of the dramatic and musical developments. But this impression was particularly difficult to confirm in the present production, whose timing, both of action and scene change (seriously flawed by the mechanical failure of the Metropolitan's turntable) was obviously erratic, and whose performances (especially by McHenry Boatwright in the principal role of Carver Jones) seemed insecurely sung and acted as caricature.

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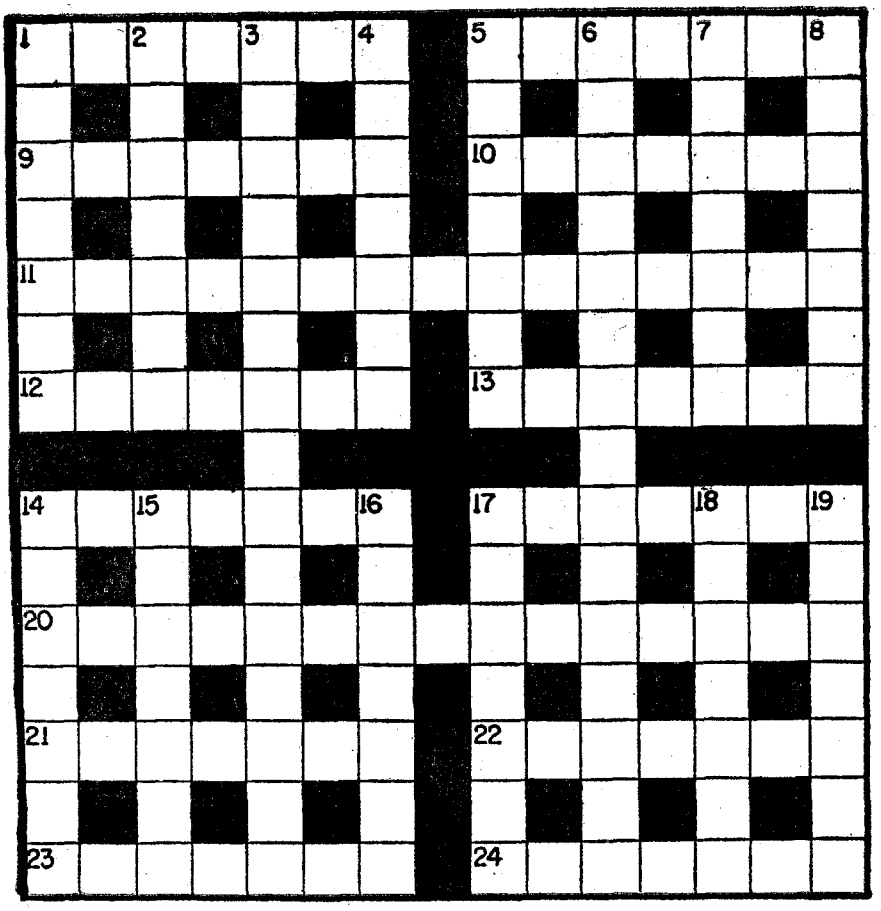
Crossword Puzzle No. 1212

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

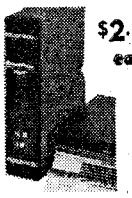
1 A bad coil with a car might imply heat. (7)
5 Bear back when little goes with a motorless 1 across—the country type. (7)
9 Part of the plane is able to return with her, as the French see it. (7)
10 Travel first-class with a certain amount of physical difficulty, and only medium results. (7)
11 Forest that I sing about, where some of your loads might be dropped. (7,8)
12 How to answer questions concerning things that take to the water. (7)
13 It's always before sun-up, reputedly. (7)
14 Not so much in place of repose as the alternative to getting damned. (7)
17 Does what a harbinger might do. (7)
20 How can one act so? Comprehend? (15)
21 Those who don't walk around a group such as Mosby's? (7)
22 A race when one of the old pipe-players is quiet around it? (7)
23 Treats wound with what may now be purchased in paper. (7)
24 Those who make 23 might follow one. (7)

DOWN:

1 Once taken away from it, you still could have an example, of a sort. (7)
2 Keys for storage places? (7)
3 Such as "Thou shalt not steal"? People therein should follow such precepts. (9,6)
4 Reached a high level in describing some birds. (7)
5 Does it show what I did when tired or sick? (Mind it's closed in such a condition!) (7)
6 Does it bother one who tells an opposite effect with it? (7,8)
7 Don't come in first to take part in it! It might suggest milk and sugar. (7)
8 An early light fixture?
14 The vision of January 1st might be for some. (7)
15 One who seriously starts out to learn might, taking the long view! (7)
16 Has a use for something? Quite the contrary. (7)
17 Describing high noon o' the clock in a criminal order. (5,2)
18 A number light on it, but it might go up in smoke. (7)
19 Give one a date, perhaps, suggesting a stopping point. (3,4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1211

ACROSS: 1 Pea Jacket; 9 Plowman; 11 and 13 Rat trap; 12 Dolmen; 15 Redolent; 16 Recede; 18 Common; 20 Reporter; 23, 24 and 6 across Long Island Sound; 25 Rut; 28 Earshot; 29 Ironing; 30 Tiled; 31 Registrar. DOWN: 1 and 10 Paper weights; 2 Adopted; 3 Armadillos; 4 Kindling; 5 Towhee; 6 and 27 Slipshod; 7 Unhorse; 8 Disappear; 14 Lemon drops; 15 Recollect; 17 Berating; 19 Mineral; 21 Terrier; 22 Ishtar; 26 Tiger.



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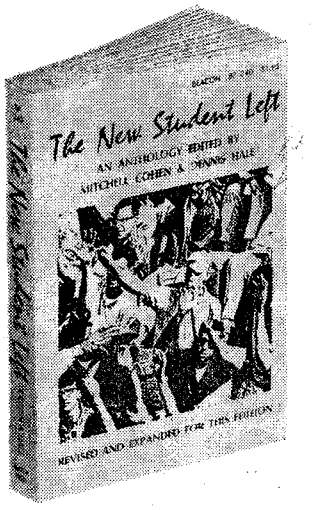

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